THE LIVING AGE

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for January, 1935

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THE GUIDE POST

THE long speech that General Jan Christiaan Smuts delivered in early November before the Royal Institute of Foreign Affairs in London was quickly recognized as the nearest thing to an official statement of British foreign policy that ever appears. The opening half of his remarks he devoted to Europe, where he sees no immediate danger of war if the worst abuses of the Versailles Treaty are eliminated and Germany is given the right to equality of armament. The latter half of his address dealing with the Pacific we reproduce in full, for it shows what that eminent diplomat, Mr. Norman Davis, is letting his country in for: when General Smuts advocates Anglo-American collaboration, what he is really talking about is a British Empire underwritten by the United States.

INDIA, as well as the Pacific, has come to the fore lately in England. During 1935 Parliament will consider the Report of the Joint Committee on Indian Constitutional Reform, which gives the Indians a measure of provincial home rule, enfranchises 10 per cent of the population, including about 2 per cent of the women, but leaves defense and foreign and ecclesiastical affairs entirely in British hands. Also, in the event of emergency, the British governor generals of the individual provinces may override the native legislatures and Ministers. J. L. Garvin, editor of the London *Observer*, speaks as officially on this subject as General Smuts speaks on the subject of the Pacific, and their two articles give in broad outline the essential features of British imperial policy in the Orient.

NAZI Germany has few spokesmen as coherent as General Smuts or Mr. Garvin, but Giselher Wirsing, editor of the *Tat*, provides the nearest approximation to an intelligible statement of the Third Reich's European policy that we have been able to find. The most important aspect of this article is the light that it throws on the claims of the Roman Catholic Church to temporal power and the definite foreign policy that the Vatican is pursuing with all the vigor and intelligence of a worldly state.

HERR WIRSING'S article also gives fresh interest to Wolf Franck's account of the church war in Germany. Few Europeans ignore the political importance of organized religion, and the German Nazis, like the Russian Bolshevists, have declared open war against it. Abroad Hitler is fighting the Church of Rome; at home he is trying to subject the Protestants, who compose two-thirds of the German population.

A YEAR before Hitler came into power we translated a review of Trotski's book on the German situation, which prophesied, among other things: 'Hitler will need Pilsudski as Pilsudski will need Hitler.' This was not a widely accepted view at the time, but events justified it as they have justified other prophecies from the same source. This month we are therefore offering Trotski's views on the coming crisis in France as expressed by his local sympathizers, who call themselves the Bolshevist-Leninists and who have allied themselves with the Socialists. They—and by implication, Trotski—foresee the disintegration of Herriot's Radical Socialists, who will be forced to choose between Fascism and Socialism.

TWO semi-official spokesmen have given their opinion on Britain's immediate policies in the Orient; to make the picture complete we also include contributions on the subject of war by two of the finest

(*Continued on page 470*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

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The World Over

TO READ the European press these days is to become convinced that the war danger in Europe is a matter of not much more than a year, perhaps even a matter of months. To read the Far Eastern press is to feel that the great Pacific war will not occur for a few years yet. But the long speech by General Smuts, expressing 'off the record' the point of view of the British Foreign Office, indicates that the most expert prognosticators in the world are more worried about Asia than Europe. The last half of this speech, dealing with the East, we have reproduced in full; his opening remarks minimizing the likelihood of war in Europe and urging recognition of Germany's claims to rearmament we did not include.

But it was the section about Europe that naturally caused the greatest interest in that part of the world. The German-émigré press, in particular, took exception to this passage:—

> How can the inferiority complex that is obsessing and, I fear, poisoning the mind, and indeed the very soul, of Germany be removed? There is only one way, and that is to recognize her complete equality of status with her fellows, and to do so frankly, freely, and unreservedly. That is the only medicine for her disease. And, when we have summoned up sufficient courage to treat her in that human way, as our equal in the comity of nations, then, and not till then, will the old wound cease to fester and poison the life of Europe and the world. As long as recognition of her equal position is denied her, the sense of grievance and injury

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will continue to rankle. This is perfectly human, and it is this human situation that we should face with wisdom and courage.

While one understands and sympathizes with French fears, one cannot but feel for Germany in the position of inferiority in which she still remains sixteen years after the conclusion of the War. The continuance of her Versailles status is becoming an offense to the conscience of Europe and a danger to future peace. Surely there is sufficient human fellow feeling left in Europe to see that the position has become intolerable and a public danger.

Europäische Hefte, the best informed of the various émigré publications, flatly maintains that Italy, Germany, Austria, and Hungary are planning to restore the old Triple Alliance and concludes from Smuts's remarks that England will support it and thus ensure the loyalty of Italy. Willi Schlamm, the editor of *Europäische Hefte*, delivers this pronouncement, which contradicts General Smuts from the ground up:—

We are of the opinion that any concession to the revisionist Fascist Governments will not reduce but increase their determination to wage war. Above all, we are of the opinion that war is not inevitable, always provided that Fascism is made unable to threaten war by being prevented from arming itself. Italy cannot conduct the war that it threatens for a while yet, because it is cut off from all its essential raw materials. Germany cannot conduct the war that it threatens for a while yet, because its armament is not completed, but it soon will be. Austria and Hungary cannot conduct the war that they threaten by restoring the Hapsburgs for a time yet, because they depend on Italy and Germany. The time is coming, however, when a gigantic bloc will be created from the Rhine to the Vistula, from Sicily to the cloud-capped Carpathians. Meanwhile, the only hope is to render Hungary and Austria completely impotent. These two weakest points in the revisionist front should be refused any financial help whatever, and a robust, determined attack on all plans for a Hapsburg restoration can break the whole offensive. Would this be a risky policy? Of course, but the opposite policy runs no risk at all because it makes war a dead certainty.

IT HAS REMAINED for a British Tory, Ignatius Phayre, to describe the part that the American aviation industry has played in helping General Chiang Kai-shek to consolidate his rule in China. Writing from Shanghai for the *Saturday Review* of London, Mr. Phayre says that the Japanese bombardment of Chapei three years ago made China 'air-minded' and that British, German, Italian, and French manufacturers all employ aces to demonstrate their wares. But the American salesmen have outdistanced their competitors:—

These Yankee demonstrators have a suasive line of talk. Captain Hawks reminds prospective buyers that while 'you can do anything with bayonets—except sit on them,' these war engines of the sky will also serve pastoral uses. Load up your big bomber, he explains, or the troop carrier with finely ground sodium arsenite, and lo! rural China's myriad farmers have a potent friend and ally against the locust swarms that devour their rice and millet and melons.

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The Japanese, however, fear the military uses to which these airplanes will be put. The Nanking Government has spent 7½ million dollars with one concern, and Mr. Phayre gives this description of twenty American bombers that recently arrived:—

> Each of these huge U. S. hornets carries 1,200 lbs. of especially destructive bombs. They can fly 1,700 miles without refueling at a speed of 219 miles an hour. We of Shanghai, who handle more than half of all China's imports and exports, heard much gloating about these foreign dimmers of Japan's Rising Sun before they winged their zoomy way to Hangchow's 'American' aërodrome.
>
> They could, the salesmen here maintain, hop over into Japan to raise flaming hell and then return to China's coast with petrol for at least three more hours of flying. And on the sky road of attack they could show machine-gun tails to the best of Nippon's pursuing planes, besides leaving these in the lurch through a superiority of over twenty miles an hour.

Mr. Phayre concludes his dispatch as follows:—

> Meanwhile the Shanghai correspondent of the Shimbun Rengosha—the Associated Press of Japan—has been sending shocked and wrathful tidings to its chief, the well-known Yukichi Iwanaga of Osaka. Why is America, the great disarmer and peace preacher to us all, allowed to sell ultra-modern weapons of death in eastern Asia to the detriment of Japan? Even that $50,000,000 grain and cotton loan from the United States is fast melting in these hurtful, uneatable goods.
>
> Japan is worried over this, but in China those United States war merchants are hailed as benefactors. And their salesmen are getting rich. Can you wonder that Japan is angry, seeing that these American exports are chiefly aimed at her?

THE MARRIAGE of George and Marina in London draws attention to two probable developments. First, it was not an unadulterated love match; it heralds the return of England to Balkan politics by way of Greece, which is being prepared to play the important rôle in southeastern Europe to which it is entitled by geographic position. Second, the display of pomp and circumstance at the nuptials does not mean that the National Government has broken the back of the depression and retained the confidence of the nation. During 1934 two sets of municipal elections occurred, one in London, the other in the provinces, and on both occasions the Labor Party won unprecedented victories. In London it now controls a majority of the boroughs for the first time in history, and, although only one-third of the membership of the provincial borough councils was affected by the autumn voting, Labor gained complete control of forty-one boroughs and strengthened itself in many others. The Conservative *Spectator* warns that 'nothing is to be gained by attempting to explain away these facts' and goes so far as to attribute the Labor victories to the corruption, violence, and misrepresentation practised by the Conservatives. Herbert Morrison, secretary

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of the London Labor Party and leader of the London County Council, has become the man of the hour, and he issues instructions to the Labor Councilors in his capacity as party official, not in his municipal capacity. The *Spectator*, furthermore, admits that Labor 'is entitled to credit' for taking the lead in opposing exactly the kind of municipal corruption that is so familiar in the United States. In the light of these developments it is not improbable that a general election in the near future would give Labor a majority of seats in the House of Commons. The Conservatives can therefore be counted upon to produce either some white rabbits or some red scares in the next two years.

THERE ARE three schools of thought in France concerning the fall of the Doumergue Cabinet. The conservative press baldly refers to Herriot and the Radicals as 'traitors' who overthrew the grand old man of the hour in order to block a reform of the Constitution that would have weakened the Chamber of Deputies at the expense of the Cabinet and the President. The Paris correspondent of the *Journal de Genève* states this position when he writes:—

> M. Herriot, a kind of Kerenski, is the prisoner of the extremists. That is why he is one of those men whose activities we should fear most in these agitated times. He is all the more dangerous because his culture, his appearance of good fellowship, his eloquence, and the tears that he sheds make too many people have confidence in him. He is the typical bourgeois precursor of revolution.

Nor is this all.

> It is possible that other motives may have led the conspirators to get rid of M. Doumergue. They want to suppress the Stavisky case at all costs. Now the pressure of M. Lémery as Minister of Justice disturbed them. Furthermore, a new scandal implicating the same men who were involved in the last one is said to be on the point of breaking. Hence their desire to overthrow the head of the Cabinet.

This correspondent described Flandin as 'a very intelligent man but a ferocious *arriviste*,' who, although not a Radical, has taken the opportunity to satisfy his desire for power. Incidentally, the sequel to the Stavisky scandal has already broken. It is known as the 'Lévy Affair' and has to do with the financial operations of one Charles Goldenberg, who began his career as a fruit peddler in Algiers, came to Marseille after the War, changed his name to Lévy, speculated in sugar and real estate, and became the intimate of Chautemps, Bonnet, and other leading Radicals. *Je Suis Partout* says of him:—

> He would not have made his fortune without the help of politicians. Without them, how could he have floated all his businesses and obtained—this former banana peddler without collateral or any past—the right to issue obligations backed by the State and running to the millions? How else would he have become an official character, a power in national finance and in the nationalized bank?

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To-day M. Lévy is in jail awaiting investigation, accused, among other things, of having opened up the Stavisky affair in order to protect himself.

THE RADICALS, however, have capable defenders. Alexander Werth, an occasional contributor to the British press, has just written a book entitled *France in Ferment* published in London by Jarrolds at twelve shillings and sixpence. Robert Dell, veteran Paris and Geneva correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, gives it high praise and, in the course of his review, defines the needs of France as follows:—

> What is needed in France is not so much constitutional reform or parliamentary reform as a drastic reform of the administration and its methods from top to bottom—a reform amounting to a revolution. The primary vices of the system are its excessive centralization and the enormous and almost arbitrary powers that it gives to Ministers, government departments, and the police. France is still to a great extent what Napoleon intended it to be—a police state. And, as in all countries, the administration is more important than the legislature; France is not in any true sense a democratic country. Democracy and liberty are held down by the dead hand of Napoleon.

Two weeks after these words appeared in the *New Statesman and Nation*, Mr. Werth contributed an article to the same publication attacking Doumergue as vigorously as the French conservatives had defended him. He represented Doumergue as the puppet of Tardieu and maintained that his radio addresses appealing to 'public opinion' for support against 'political intriguers' constituted a breach of the political truce that he had promised to observe. Furthermore, these addresses were delivered without the consent or even the knowledge of his Cabinet colleagues. The Radicals continued to take it lying down, and it was Flandin, not Herriot, who perceived that even the man in the street saw through Doumergue's game and who laid the basis for a new government. When the Radicals finally withdrew their support and the manœuvrings for a new Cabinet began, Doumergue's friends announced that the civil war of February would be resumed. The Radicals, however, called this bluff, and Mr. Werth describes Doumergue's response as follows:—

> So great was his rage that in a statement to the press he actually declared that he had been turned out of office by the very men who were 'responsible for the death of unarmed ex-servicemen in the Place de la Concorde on February 6.' Fortunately, this deliberate provocation had no effect, for it was now too late. The Radicals had called the bluff.
>
> Doumergue has now been proclaimed a hero by the Fascists, and Tardieu, and Henri de Kerillis, who spends the millions of the National Propaganda Centre on incendiary posters. In his articles in the *Écho de Paris* he foams with rage because conservatives like Marin and Mandel have agreed to lend Flandin their support.

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He 'cannot understand.' 'Is it simply because of Germany?' he asks. 'We've heard that song before!' A phrase worthy of the grand ex-serviceman that Kerillis claims to be.

OUR ARTICLE from *Verité* not only expresses the point of view of the extreme Left but also indicates that the prospect of revolution in France has become imminent and may well be a matter of months, not years. Meanwhile, Pierre Dominique, writing in the *Europe Nouvelle*, attempts to gauge the strength of the rival forces. Of the Fascist groups, he says:—

> It is impossible to give exact figures. The Action Française claims three thousand men. As for the Jeunesses Patriotes, the Solidarité Française, and the Croix de Feu, each claimed over two hundred thousand men in February. *L'Ami du Peuple*, the organ of the Nationalist Front, announced that forty thousand members of the Jeunesses Patriotes and the Solidarité Française and twenty thousand members of the Croix de Feu demonstrated on November 11. Colonel de la Rocque, head of the Croix de Feu, talks of members coming at the rate of four hundred a day. Finally, we know that the number of those actually present at the demonstration that occurred on November 11 is never more than 50 per cent of the number claimed, all of which leads us to conclude that in the event of trouble the Nationalist forces could mobilize real armies of several hundred thousand men.

He then describes a parade of the united Socialist-Communist front that he witnessed on November 11:—

> I saw the same crowd that participated in the general strike of February 12 marching to the same rhythm and singing the same songs on November 11. The Socialist *Populaire* said that there were fifty thousand men in the street and a hundred thousand on the sidewalks. Some of these can be discounted, but at least fifty thousand men remain. Behind whom did they march? We heard of M. Nowina and of a few Communists and Socialists, but nothing had been organized. Ranks had not been formed or held. A rather brutal, lugubrious crowd had been gathered, but it lacked the serious character of the strikers of February 12. Everybody was singing the International. It was a world of workers dominated by the unemployed. There were almost no bourgeois, quite a few women, and a great many foreigners.
>
> It was disorder incorporated. The United Front demonstration took the form of a mob, the Nationalist demonstration the form of soldiers. Apart from the Communist element, which agitated this heavy substance but could not organize it, it amounted to a French equivalent of the Reichsbanner forces that supported the German Republic. Nothing more. If a conflict were to occur in Paris to-morrow between the forces of the National Front and the United Front, the latter would be shattered at the first encounter.

But the Fascists are not looking for trouble yet, and M. Dominique gives this description of their tactics:—

> The tactics of Colonel de la Rocque seem to be as follows: to group the largest number of men behind him, to organize them, to keep them in hand, to put them frequently on their guard, to accustom them to obedience and discipline, not to

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waste their forces in useless street fights, never to attack the army or the police; to await the Socialist-Communist attack—an attack of the type that occurred in Vienna and the Asturias—and to counterattack with the aid of the army and police. From all available evidence these tactics would seem to be the only ones capable of assuring success.

IF THE CALM that settled over Germany after Hitler received his 9–1 vote of confidence in August presages another storm—as is asserted in some quarters—there can be little doubt that the source of the trouble lies in the growing discrepancy between prices and wages. One promise that the Nazis have kept has been to make Germany more self-sufficient by encouraging agriculture, and the *Frankfurter Zeitung* declares that the price of farm products rose 24 per cent between the spring of 1933 and the autumn of 1934. Retail prices, however, have advanced much more rapidly, and potatoes, vegetables, and some fats have risen between 200 and 300 per cent. As for the general cost of living index it has risen from 115.9 in April, 1933, to 122 in October, 1934. During the same period total wages have declined 1 per cent, but, since unemployment has fallen by nearly 4 million, this means that per-capita income has declined about 20 per cent during a period when average prices have risen about 10 per cent. These figures, drawn from official German sources, have led to the appointment of Herr Goerdeler, mayor of Leipzig, to the same post of Reich Commissar for Price Supervision that he held under Brüning. He attributes all the trouble to individual hoarders and profiteers and has made the surprising statement that Germany will 'soon be in possession of large supplies of important raw materials' purchased on the world market although permanent capital investments are being made in plants to produce synthetic substitute materials domestically. Perhaps he was encouraged by the fact that the German trade balance turned favorable for the first time in 1934 during the month of October.

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Listen to the voice of official England speaking through these two mouthpieces of their country's policy. They indicate to the discerning reader what lies in store for India and the Pacific.

BRITAIN *and the* East

A British Symposium

I. Britain and the Pacific

By General Jan Smuts

From the *Times*, London Conservative Daily

EUROPE, like the poor, is always with us. But in the Far East a cloud is appearing that, although it is at present no greater than a man's hand, may come to overshadow the whole international sky in time. Already on its mere appearance it has severely shaken the League and led to menacing reactions in several directions. People instinctively realize that here is a phenomenon of first-class order, which may have the most far-reaching effects on the fortunes of peace and indeed of our civilization. Manchukuo is perhaps not yet the parting of the ways, but it is the warning that we are coming to the parting of the ways and may soon have to make a very solemn choice in national policy.

I have always looked upon the Washington Treaties of 1922 as probably the greatest step forward yet taken since the Peace on the road to a stable future world order. In 1921, at the Imperial Conference of that date, I stated my view that a great change was coming over world politics and that the scene was shifting from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It was felt, and not by me only, that the future of the world would probably be decided

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down all their swindles to the last penny and describe them to the last comma. I remember his telling the Kabarda kolkhoz members in the same grouchy tone: 'Your collective labor has dissolved national antagonism, and that is most important. I can swear that if a strong Bavarian peasant, proud of his knowledge of the land and how to cultivate it, were to come to you, he would be a child compared to what you know.' This is spoken quietly. After long thought. Grouchily. Without any striving for effect.

Even Graf can't find anything to laugh at and he therefore goes for Toller. 'Friend Ernst, why do you draw your hand over your hair in a sweeping gesture and look at the moon? Are you writing poetry? Your eyes are growing lyrical.'

Sucking at a long, straight-stemmed pipe, Toller laughs this off. He and Graf have been intimate since the time of the Soviet Bavarian Republic. Toller walks through the Russian cities like an old friend. People meet him on a porch, hear the name Toller, and the clapping turns to thunder.

'Hello, Toller!' a worker from the Kharkov tractor factory who fought by his side for Soviet Bavaria greets him.

'Toller, your *Hop-la, wir leben!* has been playing in our theatres for five years,' they tell him in Tiflis. His plays have one theme—the intellectual humanist in the midst of the revolution becomes frightened at the sight of so much bloodshed and cruelty. And then the final outcome —the bloodshed and cruelty of the victorious reactionary forces.

That is the reflection of his autobiography and explains the bitterness that creeps into all his speeches on this one theme: 'Praise be to you who created the Red Army and conducted the Revolution with a firm hand. You conquered, and here is the result—the prosperity of happy people. In our day we pampered the enemy, and the answer is Fascist torture and bloodshed.'

Balder Olden is also a humanist, a pacifist, and a believer in nonresistance. He has traveled all over the world. He has worked and fought in Equatorial Africa. He spent four years in a British prison in India. With all the passion of his individualist honesty he has turned against Fascist compulsion, for he hates compulsion of any kind. Olden is the most clear-eyed and the purest in heart of all the eight travelers. He is like a child and at once makes friends with children. When he sees something wonderful and says 'Akh' with a full breath, it seems as though he has just awakened in his cradle and seen the sun.

Indeed, did he not awake? At Tiflis he offered this toast to the assembled writers: 'I, a bourgeois democrat, in principle opposed to all compulsion and all war (that is why I am an anti-Fascist), now declare—the Bolshevist way is the only right way, and I am on your side.'

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show how the prisoners kill lice. And then María Teresa sings alone—lullabies, folksongs, shepherd-songs.

Poetry follows. Plivier reads his own composition, 'The Stokers,' with terrible intensity, and after him we listen to Rafael, whose poems are so much tied up with the sound of the words that they cannot really be translated. But the Spanish peasants know these poems well, for he reads them in the village squares, and the folklore of the people flows through his verse. He will read poetry endlessly, but just ask him to make a speech and he waves his arms helplessly and refers you to María Teresa; 'Go to her, please. That's her job.' Indeed, if he represents the emotion, she stands for the intellect of this talented pair. She is the organizer, she is the editor of *Octubre*, she is the one who was arrested after their first trip to the U. S. S. R.

In Baku she said: 'The Spaniards have never seen Baku, but they know it, for a part of Baku is in every automobile that travels the roads of Spain.'

And in the Kabarda: 'I have seen the crops of your fields; I wish the country just such a crop of wonderful human beings.'

And to the Pioneers in the Crimea sanatorium: 'The children of Spanish workers are badly off, but their fathers are fighting that they may have rest homes as wonderful as yours.'

After every one of her speeches there is the same boom of applause, above which floats the rich voice of Oskar Maria Graf: '*Magnífico!*' It's his only Spanish word, corresponding to the '*spasibo kharasho*' (thank you, very well) he says in Russian. But Graf cannot admire too long; he has to pick a fight with someone. He assails Adam Sharrer, drawing him out of his 'trench,' as Sharrer, who spent many years at the front, calls his compartment.

Sharrer's gray hair stands up above his stubborn forehead like the crest on a cockatoo. There is n't a more precise writer than he. He studies everything that has the vaguest connection with the peasantry, particularly the German peasantry, and he knows the life and psychology of the peasants thoroughly. He himself comes from a hard-working, oppressed, poverty-stricken family of Bavarian peasants. His morbid sense of justice permeates everything he writes and is whipped into a fury whenever he comes in contact with Fascist arrogance and charlatanism.

'Our friend Adam Adamovich,' Graf teases, 'is such a convinced grouch that when he wants to laugh he runs down to the cellar to do it *in solo*.' Adam smiles. Adam, the Bavarian, forgives the Bavarian Oskar his noisy jokes. But noticing his frowning, distrustful eyes and the way he asks about everything without changing his tone of voice, I begin to understand why the Fascists hate his books so violently. He will run

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'Contrast the fragile, played-out, melancholy, wavering doctor in Chekhov's story with the doctor whom I met in Livadia. Or compare the vigorous, unsentimental, mentally and physically alert kolkhoz member with a mujik *à la* Tolstoï or Leskov.'

I remember how Ehrenstein, the Austrian writer, scolded Graf for not writing down his impressions in a notebook. Graf burst into Falstaffian laughter and slapped his bare knees: 'My dear misanthrope, your scribblings won't do you the least bit of good, for you don't hear anything anyway. You are so scared of getting the grippe that you have stuffed both ears with cotton. You—you are a depressionist!'

'Depressionist'—according to Ehrenstein's own story—is the name that was given to him when he was the leader of the German Expressionist movement. Then he began translating the ancient Chinese poets and transposing mediæval Chinese novels. To this day Ehrenstein is remembered as a literary China-lover.

Graf is loud and quarrelsome. He has tackled Plivier again. 'The sea? I can't stand your old sea! (During his visit in the Soviet Union Graf traveled for the first time in his life in a sea-going vessel and in an airplane.) And what is the sea, I ask you? A hodgepodge of waves and no life—a few fish and almost no birds. But just look at this!' And he drinks in the landscape streaming past the train window.

Plivier takes out charcoal and paper, and ten minutes later displays in the corridor a portrait of Graf with the fantastically broad, stooped shoulders of a miller's helper. Only a few minutes elapse before a second portrait of Graf takes its place in the corridor next to the first. It comes from Spain; and Spain dwells in the compartment next to Plivier's.

THE author of the portrait is the poet, Rafael Alberti. His drawings are quite unique: they look like a thin, wet, black thread looped about itself on a white sheet of paper. Where does he get his talent from? Perhaps from his ancestor, Battista Alberti, who taught Michelangelo and built palaces and monasteries. Both Rafael and his wife, María Teresa León, the writer, are difficult to classify for those who have been brought up on the fiery-black Spanish ideal of *Carmen*, since, for one thing, they are both fair-haired. These two compose a living literary kolkhoz. Their typewriter is often going, and during our Writer's Congress they wrote over twenty essays. The Germans silently hold aloof from such fertility.

But generally, however, we hear singing rather than typewriting from the Spanish quarter, and Plivier is a faithful member of the chorus, for he is trying to revive his Spanish, which he has forgotten since his wanderings in South America. They all sing a prison song: '*Roma, E viva Roma*,' ending in a shrill whistle and snapping of finger nails—to

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Eight Writers in Russia

By Sergei Tretiakov

Translated from the *Literaturnaia Gazeta*, Moscow Literary Paper

THEY move about the country as though it were a giant university, going from town to town as from class to class, attending first the industrial faculties of Kharkov and Baku and then the green laboratories of the Kabarda and Adjaristan.

There are eight of them. The country flies past the train windows.

Round-headed, attentive Plivier has been glued to the window since we left Moscow. I have just described to him an old idea of mine—a guidebook that would tell the traveler what he sees through his car window. Plivier warms to the idea and warns me: 'Don't you go writing that book without taking me along!'

Plivier is a lover of things. He is interested in the metal huts over the oil wells and the screen-stacks against snow drifts; he wants to know who planted the protective row of trees along the road, and what crop that is over there that looks so red among all the other squares of land, and what factory those chimneys belong to; he asks how the Machine and Tractor Station functions and who owns the tractors, oil barrels, and workshops we just passed. This widely traveled seaman has an extraordinary capacity for drawing up an inventory. And his compartment already looks like a steamship cabin—everything is put away in its right place. On the wall, a map and the train itinerary.

'*Mein Freund Serësha.*' I hear Oskar Maria Graf's Bavarian accent in the corridor. He has finished arranging trunks and emerges from his compartment, big, fat, and sweaty. The leather suspenders that hold his Bavarian shorts look like a belly-band on a cart-horse. He is terribly sorry that we are going to pass Yasnaia Poliana at night. He pays little attention to what fascinates Plivier. Things are foreign to him; he is interested in people. For him the first stop on this unknown road is the place where Tolstoï's spirit dwells. Graf knows our literature very well. He has given a fine interpretation of Leskov, he likes Aksakov, he knows Herzen, Tolstoï, Turgenev, Pushkin far better than the average Soviet writer. And, when our trip is over, this knowledge enables him to write me the following letter from abroad, in which he marvels at the almost childish optimism that rules our country:—

'A man like me who is somewhat familiar with pre-revolutionary Russian literature will be better able to share my experience than a man who does not know that literature. For it is an almost unbelievable journey from Oblomov to the shock worker. What a road, what a transformation, what a transfiguration of the Russian spirit!

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them, most of whom come from the Seine-et-Marne Department. As you see, nothing distinguishes them from the others.'

'Have you any unemployed?'

'Not one. We have no fund. This is a country of small property owners, in which nobody is in a position to require aid.'

A municipal councilor, a colleague of M. Flandin's, arrives at this moment to ask M. Jourdan's advice. People in Paris have no idea of the important part that the mayor's secretary plays in our country districts. He is ultimately responsible for the execution of all laws. He serves as the link between the distant prefecture and the ultimate 'consumer.'

'I have just appealed to your Minister,' says the municipal councilor, smiling at M. Jourdan.

Here I have before my eyes representatives of the two classes that are supposed to be opposed to each other—the government official and the peasant. Yet how close they are. The official is the son of a peasant, and the peasant has no other ambitions for his sons than to make them officials. Furthermore, M. Flandin has not been very tender toward the officials in his department. As president of the finance commission of the general council, he made this assembly take the initiative in cutting officials' salaries in the Department of the Yonne to a greater extent than the corresponding state officials had their salaries reduced.

On the outskirts of Cure I see a pair of houses—one, Dr. Charles Flandin's, the family abode and a former abbey that monks used to inhabit, the other, the modern dwelling of the Prime Minister. What an admirable place for a statesman to rest. How far away you feel from the world, how remote from Paris. Only the murmur of the stream disturbs the silence. M. Flandin is a great hunter as well as a fervent fisherman. And he might be said to do his fishing at home since the river runs past the very walls of his house.

'He is a real Burgundian, you know,' his gardener from Auxerre said to me when he had me visit him at his comfortable house in the country. 'There is always someone here. He loves to entertain, and he loves to drink and eat well. He is the simplest, most familiar man you can imagine. He calls everybody in the village by their first names. He carries his own mail to the post office, and the people from the surrounding hamlets come to his house to ask his advice. When the local fair is being held, the Avallon people come from all the surrounding country to see him.'

'How about revising the Constitution? How about the 6th of February and Doumergue's radio speeches?' I asked various people.

'The 6th of February? Yes, people talk of it now and then but always conclude that they do not want dictatorship or Fascism.' In the peasant speech of M. Flandin's countryside, that is the way the Burgundians express his governmental programme.

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To-day the twenty men who voted against him join in the general celebration. Cure is proud of having become the centre of admiration of all France and of having attained a kind of historic importance. The street has been turned into a kitchen, the village inn is serving cakes, cookies, and biscuits. The fatted calf is being killed. After the ceremony on November 11 at the monument to the men who fell in the War,—and there were forty-three of them out of a total population of five hundred,—the twelve municipal councilors sent their compatriot their unanimous congratulations.

This was not only a matter of ritual but an expression of sincere gratitude. Ever since he became a member of Cabinet, M. Flandin has never missed a meeting of the municipal council. He swore to make Cure a model rural city. Nobody plays politics at Cure. The priest and the schoolmaster talk together, esteem one another, and M. Flandin has always asked to have as secretary at the city hall 'a teacher who does not play politics.'

M. Jourdan receives the special correspondent from *Vu* while watching his pupils at play on the public square. He has held his present position for fifteen years, and his predecessor held it for forty-one consecutive years before him.

'Before M. Flandin was mayor, nothing much happened in Cure. The budget was meagre. The country mayors did not take a wide perspective. But, since he has assumed office, nothing seems impossible. To begin with, he is president of the interdepartmental electrification company covering the Avallon region. He has installed hydroelectric power in Cure, and now the smallest hamlet has its own electricity. It has been like a revolution. In farmhouses you will find peasants pressing their clothes with electric irons. Furthermore, he has had all our community buildings restored, including our school, which dates back to 1848, the two churches, the rectory, the post office, and the baths. He has had the roads repaired, and on December 7 next a great event will occur in the community of Cure: we shall have running drinking water.'

'But this community construction programme must have cost a lot of money?'

'We balance our budget at about fifty thousand francs. We get the maximum from the exploitation of the communal forest. The tax rate has declined.'

'Are your social charges heavy?'

'We have seven people receiving free medical care, five get old-age pensions, seven extra-large families are also receiving help. As for the social insurance law, it is applied to the municipal orphans.'

'Have you many children that the community provides for?'

M. Jourdan shows me his pupils with a gesture. 'About a third of

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1893, was reëlected in 1902, became senator from Indo-China in 1909, and was named resident general of Tunisia in 1918. In these two countries his memory is preserved in a touching fashion. He died in 1922. Our mother, who was always a perfect collaborator of his, died a year later.

'At home we have therefore always heard from morning until night the tale of the struggle our family waged against the enemies of the Republic. We grew up surrounded by memories of republicans of the earlier generation and among republicans of our own. Our mother's family possessed the same polemic ardor. Our grandfather, Hippolyte Ribière, who became senator from the Department of the Yonne, drew up the law making lay education compulsory. His son Marcel became deputy and then senator from the Yonne. One of his grandsons, Roger, director of the Crédit National, is my brother Pierre-Etienne's colleague in the Yonne general council. The other, Marcel, was for long years a member of Raymond Poincaré's Cabinet.

'Cure, the little village of which Pierre-Etienne is the mayor, owes its streets and its bridge to our grandfather, its schools to our father, and its electricity and buses to my brother. It was out of gratitude to our family that these brave fellows asked Pierre to represent them in Parliament in 1914. The voters thought that he was a little young. "He is a baby," they said, but his oratorical abilities won him the election. Soon afterward the War came. Mobilized in the air force, he was the first French aviator to drop proclamations on the towns of Alsace.

'What about his character? Ardent and reflective. In school and college he always had the air of doing nothing, so great was his faculty for work and assimilation, which was aided by a prodigious memory and an innate facility at elocution. He excelled in everything; he had no "holes" or weak points. He loves manual work as much as intellectual effort. He has shown many workers how to take a gasoline engine apart.'

A Prime Minister who is clever with his ten fingers. The chariot of state is in good hands.

I ENTER the village of Cure, of which Pierre-Etienne Flandin has been mayor since 1922. Numerous hamlets surround it, and M. Flandin rules over 501 people, of whom 120 are voters. At the last elections to the municipal council he received a hundred votes.

'Who are the twenty in opposition?' I asked M. Jourdan, secretary at the city hall.

'The discontented. There are people in the country, you know, who think that they can demand and obtain everything. But M. Flandin, fond as he is of rendering service, is not the commissioner of his electors. When he is asked to accomplish the impossible, he refuses.'

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the story of our ancestors. One of them, Gaspard Flandin, who was born in Lormes, played an active rôle during the French Revolution.

'Our grandfather, Charles Flandin, studied in the college of Auxerre, which was then run by the Jesuits. He was expelled. Very intelligent but undisciplined, he refused to go to mass every day, for he thought that was too often. He completed his studies at Dijon, then took up medicine in Paris. He became a teacher of toxicology, and his treatise on poisons has remained a classic. But politics held his real interest. He participated in the June days of 1848 and founded a newspaper, *Le Salut Publique*.

'After the coup d'état of December 2, 1851, he was implicated in the so-called "correspondence" plot, which had to do with letters that were being exchanged with Belgium to spread republican newspapers. This plot was exposed by the police, who defined the association to which my grandfather belonged as "a more dangerous association than the members themselves realized." He was defended by Berryer, but a fine plea did not save him from prison. He conceived a hatred for the Second Empire that lasted until September 4, 1870. He never yielded to any temptation. He was told that Emperor Napoleon III was disposed to pardon him and that, if he would attend the celebrations in the Tuileries, he would be named head of general hygiene inspection for all France. He leaped into the air at such an outrageous suggestion and delivered the historic remark, "Go and tell your emperor that if I enter the Tuileries by the door it will be to make him leave by the window."'

He was one of those rare Frenchmen who refused to take an oath of allegiance to the Emperor and for that reason was excluded from any official function.

'Do you know,' Dr. Charles Flandin asked me at this point, 'what the Republic means to men of our generation? Just the other day in a field near Cure I met an old peasant who said to me, "M. Charles, we remember what your parents suffered under the Empire for their convictions, and nobody wants the republican constitution to be touched and made subject to the whims of a single individual."

'Our father, Etienne Flandin, born on April 1, 1853, received a profoundly republican education from his father, whose house in Cure is now mine. Under the Empire it became the centre of all the republican opposition in Burgundy. At the age of eight our father worked in an election campaign. The candidates of the Government had special placards, and my father was charged to seize all the official placards and to put republican names over the names of the imperialist candidates.

'He began his career as advocate general in Pau, where my brother André and I were born. Then he moved to Paris, where my brother Pierre-Etienne saw the light of day. From 1889 to 1893 he served as advocate general in Algiers. He became a deputy from the Yonne in

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I am general councilor, and in Cure, a little village of which I am the mayor, and also to Father Marcellot of Saint-Père, an old winegrower eighty-five years old who used to hold me on his knee.'

Thus Pierre-Etienne Flandin involuntarily analyzes for me the essential traits of his own personality. For years he has been mayor of a little village in Burgundy. He is a member of the general council. He knows what a village budget and a departmental budget are. In his town hall he is in daily contact with the reality of to-day. He knows the unemployed agricultural worker, the winegrower who does not sell his wine, the farmer who does not sell his wheat, the stockraiser who does not sell his cows and pigs. Every day he hears the lamentations and anxieties of the village folk, of the man in retirement, of the father of a family who does not know what to do with his sons.

He is a father, too. He has four children. He hears their young voices around the family table. He likes sports. He knows how to drive an airplane and an automobile and how to play tennis. That is why this man who has risen to the head of the Government at forty-five is a realist in the full sense of the word. Because he is closely bound to the things of the soil, to practical necessities, to real needs, he is forming a Cabinet of economic safety. A deputy since 1914, at the age of twenty-five, he knows the parliamentary life of to-day. He has lived it without interruption since 1914. And, besides, a rare thing in government annals, he speaks foreign languages as well as his own. He talks English with his English friends.

BUT M. Flandin's psychology would remain inexplicable if it were not identified with something in him that is more profound, his roots and family traditions. Before visiting his Burgundian village to learn the feeling of his fellow townsmen, I gathered in Paris the simplest and most moving confidence. Two hundred yards away from his house on the Boulevard Malesherbes lives his elder brother, Charles Flandin, who is one of the masters of French medicine. Six years older than Pierre-Etienne, he bears an astonishing resemblance to his younger brother —the same figure, the same reflective face on which an ironic smile often appears. The two brothers, joined by a tender affection, have not separated.

'My brother and I,' Dr. Charles explains to me, 'have been nourished on republican milk from our earliest years. When Pierre-Etienne was born on the corner of the Place du Trocadéro, General Boulanger was in the saddle. I was six years old and remember furtively tearing down Boulanger's placards, pursued by old gentlemen in uniform, who would beat me with their canes. We had the love of liberty in our blood and the desire to defend the Republic against its enemies. How often we heard

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called 'Petrushka' by his mother and the members of his family, is very thrifty. His brother Tomislav, who is five years younger and who is named after the first King of Croatia who lived in the tenth century, is a lively child who often tears his clothes. Peter said to him on one occasion, 'Tomislav, that won't do. If you treat your clothes that way, how can your little brother Andreas ever wear them? See how carefully I treat my clothes so that you can wear them when I have outgrown them.'

Of his various athletic activities, the King is most fond of skiing, swimming, and rowing. He often went hunting with his father, but fishing is his greatest passion. He can spend hours patiently with his fishing rod in his hand. Thus he has already caught fish in the Adriatic as well as in the Slovenian mountain lakes during the summer time. Once, when a deputation of Slovenian fishermen waited on him and his mother while he was still heir to the throne in his castle at Bled, Queen Marie remarked that the boy was very fond of fishing. Peter added, 'I am a very skillful angler and not long ago I caught a fish so-o-o long,' and he stretched out his arms as far as he could, unable to span the size of the huge fish he had landed. His mother then laughed and said, 'You see, gentlemen, that he is a real fisherman. He speaks their language.'

With his younger brothers, he is almost paternally kind, and he is agreeable and approachable to all his servants and everyone around him. This quiet, clever child, the youngest King in Europe, has all the qualities that will make him some day an important, conscientious, and great monarch.

Flandin and His Origins

By Paul Allard

Translated from *Vu*, Paris Illustrated Weekly

'*Vu* is happy, Mr. Prime Minister, to salute the youngest head of a government that France has ever known.'

M. Flandin smiles and thanks me with that simple, cordial correctness that is so characteristic of him. He has transported our own little corner of France, the Department of the Yonne, to the offices of the Prime Minister, where he has just been installed. We are like a family. All his collaborators come from the Yonne—Chevalier, Dupont, and the Perreau-Pradiers, father and son. I recall to the Premier that I was born in Auxerre, on the street that bears the name of his maternal grandfather, Senator Hippolyte Ribière.

'Are you going there?' the Premier asks me. 'Do not fail to present my friendly regards to all my good friends in Avallon and Vézelay, where

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pecially for the royal princes. In the royal country estate of Topola, near the church in which the members of the house of Karageorgevich lie buried, another special dwelling place has also been built for them. The young King usually eats his typical English breakfast in company with his younger brothers. After breakfast he goes riding for an hour on his pony Sussy accompanied by his adjutant. From eight to twelve he receives instruction. The King is now in the first class of the secondary school and is following the educational plan laid down for all Yugoslavian schools. His teachers are selected Belgrade professors, most of them coming from the secondary-school institute founded by King Alexander near the royal palace of Dedinje.

But, in addition to the prescribed schooling for all children of his age, the young King must also learn languages, the rudiments of the Yugoslavian law and Constitution, a great deal about the history of his country and his family, and the first principles of military science. The eleven-year-old King already knows five languages—Yugoslavian, English, French, German, and Russian. He speaks Yugoslavian and English best, the latter being the secondary language of the Belgrade court. The other studies that interest him most are Yugoslavian history and physics and mechanics.

From twelve to one o'clock the King is allowed to go walking and play. At one, lunch is served, and he generally eats in company with his mother and younger brothers. The midday meal is simple and nourishing, consisting chiefly of vegetables and fruit. After eating the King rests, goes walking, takes part in some game, or plays by himself. Three times a week boys of his own age from the Belgrade schools take gymnastics with the King, following the methods of the Sokol Turnverein, of which the heir to the throne is the supreme commander.

The hours from four to six King Peter spends in company with his mother and brothers. He goes riding with them in an automobile, walks, or plays. The widowed Queen Marie devotes herself almost exclusively to the education of her children. The young King's favorite toy is an electrical automobile that the French Government gave to him three years ago and in which he and his younger brothers ride about the castle gardens of Dedinje. Before his afternoon meal the King must go over his lessons again and prepare himself for the following day. He eats a light evening meal at seven-thirty and goes to bed at nine. This simple, almost Spartan régime of the young King is somewhat relieved on Sundays because there are no lessons then and the King has more time to play with his mother and brothers.

King Peter's instructors cannot praise the simplicity, industry, and intelligence of their royal pupil highly enough. He likes to learn, but he is also fond of sport—especially hunting and fishing. The King, who is

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Persons and Personages

Europe's Youngest King

By a Belgrade Correspondent

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

On SEPTEMBER 6 King Peter II of Yugoslavia completed his eleventh year. The young boy who took over the heavy burden of the crown after the tragic death of his father, King Alexander, had been trained from his earliest childhood seriously and scientifically for his future responsible royal office. He had to learn more, submit to more discipline, play and enjoy himself less than other children of his age. By nature he was always a brave, industrious, quiet, obedient child, and everybody who has come in close contact with him praises his modesty, truthfulness, and sense of justice.

The arrival of the heir on the royal throne means that he has had to interrupt the studies that he had just begun in England, where he felt very much at home. It also puts a premature end to his childhood. For it was considered important to make this period of his life more beneficial to him by sending him to an English school. His parents, King Alexander and Queen Marie, always wanted his teachers to treat him like any other pupil. Good scholars of his own age without reference to their birth were therefore invited from the public schools of Belgrade to study and play with the heir to the throne at the royal palace of Dedinje. Although the teachers and children were urged to treat the heir to the throne like any pupil, they could never get over a certain shyness and diffidence in their attitude toward him. Both the heir to the throne and his playmates felt an unpleasant sense of constraint, and it was therefore decided to send the Prince to England, where in different surroundings and with different children the son of a king might feel that he was a normal child.

But the poor little King presently had to bid good-by to this happy childhood. A deeper gulf than ever separates him from his contemporaries in Yugoslavia, and now that he has returned from England his studies there cannot possibly be resumed, for the Constitution of Yugoslavia categorically insists that the King must remain in his own country and can leave it only for short periods.

The young King's day begins at half past six. Peter and his brothers, Tomislav and Andreas, are being educated along English lines and sleep with their windows open in summer and winter. Their rooms are not in the main structure of Dedinje Castle but in another house built es-

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war. The physical struggle is merely another form of the political struggle. It is impossible to distinguish between the two, for it is impossible to check the desire for political struggle when force of internal necessity transforms it into physical conflict.

The duty of a revolutionary party is to foresee the inevitable transformation of politics into armed conflict and to bend all its forces to preparing itself for this moment as the ruling classes are now preparing themselves. Squadrons of militia for defense against Fascism are the first step on the way toward arming the proletariat, but not the last. Our watchword is to arm the proletariat and the revolutionary peasants.

A socialist workers' state can be created in no other way than by victorious revolution. Every revolution is prepared by the march of political and economic development, but it is always decided by armed conflict between hostile classes. A revolutionary victory becomes possible only by virtue of long political agitation, long educational work, and long organization of the masses.

But the armed conflict itself should also be prepared for far in advance. The workers must know that they will have to engage in a death struggle. They must have arms in order to gain their freedom. In such a critical epoch as our own the revolutionary party should increasingly preach to the workers the necessity of arming themselves and should do everything to make sure that they are armed, at least to arm the advanced proletarian guard. Otherwise victory is impossible. The history of the past twenty years shows in a particularly clear fashion that fundamental problems in the relationship between classes as between nations are settled by physical force.

There is still time to prepare for victory. The potential forces of revolution far exceed the forces of Fascism and of reaction in general. Skeptics who think that all is lost should be driven from the ranks of the workers. The lower classes give back a ringing echo to every bold word, to every revolutionary slogan. The masses want to fight. The only progressive factor in history is the legitimate and creative hatred of the oppressed for the oppressors, not the spirit of conciliation that parliamentarians and journalists talk about. An appeal must be made to the masses, to their passions and to their reason. False prudence must be rejected, for it is merely another name for cowardice, and at great turning points in history it means the same thing as treason. The united front should take as its slogan, '*De l'audace, toujours de l'audace, et encore de l'audace.*' To understand the situation and draw its practical conclusions boldly and fearlessly is to ensure the victory of socialism.

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more hostile attitude toward the better-off members of their class. They are growing convinced of the inconstancy and dishonesty of their political leaders. The poor peasant, the artisan, and the small businessman are convinced that an abyss separates them from all the mayors, lawyers, and political *arrivistes* like Herriot, Daladier, Chautemps, and Co., whose way of living and ideas are those of the big bourgeoisie. It is precisely this disillusionment of the petty bourgeoisie, this impatience and despair that Fascism exploits. Its agitators stigmatize parliamentary democracy and accuse it of making careers for Staviskys and giving nothing to small workers. These demagogues shake their fists at the bankers, big businessmen, and capitalists. Their words and gestures appeal to the emotions of the small property holders who have fallen into a hopeless situation.

The Fascists show audacity. 'Go into the streets, attack the police, try to expel parliamentarism by force.' This impresses the despairing petty bourgeois who says to himself, 'The Radicals, among whom there are too many crooks, have definitely sold out to the bankers. The Socialists promised long ago to do away with exploitation, but they never put their words into action. I cannot understand the Communists, they say one thing to-day and to-morrow another. We must see whether the Fascists cannot bring salvation.'

If our analysis corresponds to reality, every conscious worker will henceforth be convinced on the basis of facts and everyday experiences. New elections will bring the Radicals further defeats. The two camps will separate more and more, with the popular masses on one side and the terrified careerists on the other. Resignations and treason will continue without interruption. No manœuvre and no bloc will save the Radical Party. The division between the petty-bourgeois base and the big-bourgeois top is inevitable.

But this does not mean that all the Radical masses will infallibly place their hopes in Fascism. They will hesitate before reaching such a great decision, and it is precisely because they do hesitate that they continue to vote for the Radicals, however half-heartedly. But this period of hesitation and irresolution will not last for years but only for months. Political developments are about to enter a period of rapid tempo. The petty bourgeoisie will resist the demagogy of Fascism only if it can put its faith in the reality of some other path, and that other path is the proletarian revolution.

II

A strike is inconceivable without propaganda and agitation, but it also requires pickets who act by persuasion when possible but who also have recourse to physical force if necessary. The strike is the most elementary form of the class struggle. Now the fight against Fascism is basically a political struggle, which requires a militia just as a strike requires pickets. Essentially, the picket line is the embryo of the workers' militia. Anyone who believes in renouncing physical struggle must renounce all struggle, for the spirit lives only in the flesh.

The great military theoretician Clausewitz said that war is the continuation of politics by other means. This definition also applies to civil

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which the big bourgeoisie keeps the petty bourgeoisie hoping for a progressive and peaceful improvement of its condition. The Radicals could play their part only so long as the economic condition of the petty bourgeoisie remained tolerable, only so long as it did not suffer widespread ruin and maintained its hopes in the future. Of course, the Radical programme has always remained a mere scrap of paper. The Radicals have accomplished no serious social reform beneficial to the workers and could not do so. The big bourgeoisie could not permit all the real levers of power to fall into their hands—the banks, the stock exchange, the big newspapers, the high officials, diplomacy, and the general staff.

But there are a number of small jobs, especially in the provinces, that the Radicals get from time to time and thus maintain their mass organization. That is the way things went until the last crisis. Now, however, the most backward peasant is becoming aware that he is not passing through an ordinary temporary crisis like those that used to keep occurring before the War but a crisis of the whole social system.

The reformist democratic parties are decomposing and losing their power throughout Europe, and the same fate awaits the French Radicals. Only people without intelligence can think that Daladier's capitulation or Herriot's treason in the face of the worst kind of reaction were due to temporary causes or lack of character in these two lamentable leaders. Not at all. Great political phenomena always have profound social causes. The decadence of the democratic parties is a social phenomenon, the roots of which lie in the decay of capitalism itself. The big bourgeoisie says to the Radicals: 'Now this is no time for joking. If you don't stop coquetting with the Socialists and flirting with the people by promising them miracles, I shall call in the Fascists. Remember that February 6 was merely a first warning.' Whereupon the Radicals go down on their knees.

Modern society is composed of three classes—the big bourgeoisie, the proletariat, and the petty bourgeoisie. The relations between these three classes ultimately determine the political situation of each country. The fundamental classes of society are the bourgeoisie and the proletariat. Only these two classes can have a proper, clear, and logical policy. The petty bourgeoisie is distinguished by its economic dependence and social variety. Its upper layer comes into immediate touch with the big bourgeoisie; its lower layer reaches into the proletariat and even falls to the condition of sub-proletariat. Because of its economic position the petty bourgeoisie can have no policy of its own. It always oscillates between the capitalists and the workers.

The contradictory relations between the different elements in the middle class explain the confused and absolutely conscienceless behavior of the Radicals, their hesitations between forming a cartel with the Socialists to calm their mass base or entering the national bloc with capitalist reaction to save the big bourgeoisie. The definite decomposition of Radicalism begins the moment the big bourgeoisie itself does not permit the Radicals to waver.

The ruined masses of the petty bourgeoisie are beginning to lose patience. They are taking a more and

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Fascists of making a premature coup d'état; and, furthermore, a temporary shift to the Left would not change the general trend of events and would merely postpone the final settlement.

There is no road back to a peaceful democracy. Developments lead inevitably, infallibly to a conflict between the proletariat and Fascism. How long can the present transitional Bonapartist régime remain in power or, to put the same question in other terms, how much time has the proletariat to prepare itself for the decisive conflict? An exact reply cannot, of course, be given to this question, but certain facts show how rapidly the whole process is developing. The most important element on which any judgment must be based is the fate of the Radical Party.

Our present form of Bonapartism has been based from the start on a civil war between the two extremist camps. It found its chief material support in the police and the army, but it also found political support on the Left in the Radical-Socialist Party. The base of this mass Party consists of the petty bourgeoisie of the city and country districts, but the top posts are held by the 'democratic' agents of the big bourgeoisie, who from afar have given the people a few reforms and many more democratic phrases. They have saved the people every day —verbally—from reaction and clericalism, but in every important question they carry out the policies of big capital. Menaced by Fascism and by the proletariat, the Radical Socialists have been forced to abandon the camp of parliamentary democracy for the camp of Bonapartism. Just as the camel bows to the whip of the camel driver, so Radicalism got down on its knees to enable capitalist reaction to seat itself between its humps.

The political support of the Radicals was vital to the Doumergue Government. If we compare the political evolution of France with that of Germany, the Doumergue Government and its successors correspond to the Brüning, Papen, and Schleicher Governments, which spanned the interval between the Weimar Democracy and Hitler. There is, however, one difference, which may assume enormous political importance. German Bonapartism entered the scene when the democratic parties had collapsed and while the Nazis were growing at a prodigious rate. The three Bonapartist governments in Germany, having very weak political support, were balancing on a rope over the abyss between the proletariat and Fascism. All three of these governments fell rapidly. Furthermore, the camp of the proletariat was divided. It was not prepared for battle and was misled or betrayed by its leaders. The Nazis were able to take power without a struggle.

French Fascism has not yet acquired a mass base. Bonapartism, on the contrary, has a support in the form of the Radicals that is certainly not very sure or stable but that is a mass support. But there is an inner connection between these two facts. The social character of the Radicals makes them the party of the petty bourgeoisie, and Fascism can become a mass force only by conquering the petty bourgeoisie. In other words, Fascism can develop in France only at the expense of the Radicals. This process is now going forward, but it remains in its first stage.

The Radical Party is the means by

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Here, in diluted form, is the opinion of Leon Trotski on the future of France as expressed by a sympathizer there.

Whither FRANCE?

By A TROTSKIITE EDITOR

Translated from the *Vérité*
Weekly Organ of the Bolshevist-Leninist Group of French Socialists

IN FRANCE the movement of democracy toward Fascism still remains in its first stage. Parliament exists, but it has lost some of its powers and will never regain them. Dead with fear, a majority in the Chamber of Deputies summoned Doumergue to power after February 6, and his Government maintained itself above parliament. He did not base his rule on the 'democratically' elected majority but directly and immediately on the bureaucratic apparatus, on the police and the army. That was precisely why Doumergue could not permit the officials or any state servant liberty of action. He required a docile, disciplined bureaucracy, on the top of which he could stand without danger of falling. The parliamentary majority was constrained to bow down before him in its fear of the Fascists and the United Front.

The rôle Doumergue has played is nothing new. It is a rôle similar to that which Napoleon I and Napoleon III played under different conditions. The essence of Bonapartism is that it is based on the struggle between two camps and 'saves' the nation with the aid of a bureaucratic military dictatorship. Napoleon I represented the Bonapartism of bourgeois society in its impetuous youth. The Bonapartism of Napoleon III came when a bald spot was beginning to appear on the cranium of the bourgeoisie.

In the person of Doumergue we encounter the senile Bonapartism of capitalist decline. The Doumergue Government was the first step in the passage from parliamentarism to Bonapartism. Temporary oscillations one way and the other are, of course, possible. Thus, a premature offensive on the part of Fascism would provoke a leftward movement in upper governmental circles. Doumergue would give place not to Tardieu but to Herriot. No one, however, has ever accused the

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the Saar, whose population must not see National Socialism unmasked before the 13th of January. For the Third Reich cannot afford to antagonize either the Catholics, who also offer important religious opposition to Brown paganism, or the Protestants, who are to-day in an unprecedented state of unrest. All these considerations in no way decrease the significance of the Berlin declaration with regard to the Hitler régime. But they make an immediate decision with regard to the Protestant religious conflict improbable.

Another thing that stands in the way of this immediate decision is the attitude of the Hitler régime itself. During the third week in October, Hitler refused to become pope on two occasions: the first time—and this is an interesting point—before the Berlin resolution, the second time, after this resolution, when he refused to receive the oath of fealty from Reichsbishop Müller. Moreover, Dr. Jaeger has just resigned, which, considering the character of the man, could not have been a spontaneous act. This resignation cast extraordinarily clear light on the true set-up and driving forces even in the eyes of the uninitiated people, who, it is true, might rather have expected the resignation of Müller, the enthroned head of ecclesiastical rule, if there were really any question of giving in.

But, in reality, the Government does not want to give in, even though no other course is open at present. It is quite within the limits of possibility that the Reichsbishop himself may resign. The next few days and weeks will give the leaders great latitude with regard to the development of the Protestant Church. And it is precisely this indecision on the part of the National-Socialist régime that proves that all actual measures are dictated by tactical considerations to preserve a supple appearance. It is generally thought that the time is not propitious for decisions, and that is why the Government refused to be overwhelmed by the Berlin proclamation. The 'Confessional Church' is not at the helm, contrary to all appearances; National Socialism has complete control in this domain as in all others, and it will use its power at the next favorable moment. It has not denied its intention to build a National Church with Hitler at the head; on the contrary, all the facts point in this direction.

During one of the celebrations at the time of his enthronement, the Reichsbishop spoke as follows: 'People forget that there are different kinds of peace. When the Redeemer spoke of peace he referred to our inner spirit. We all agree on this peace.' We may without hesitation add that we are no less agreed as to that other peace, the peace of the church, in particular, and of National Socialism, in general. The Reichsbishop wants peace, and so do his opponents. But let no one forget that 'there are different kinds of peace.'

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Reichsbishop and his judicial administrator assumed has created an intolerable papacy within the Evangelical Church. The introduction of the profane *Führerprinzip* against the teachings of the Holy Bible and the fact that unquestioning obedience is demanded have subjected the church dignitaries to the rule of the Church and not to the rule of Christ. All our protests, which drew their inspiration from the Bible and the faith, have been pronounced in vain. On the contrary, the ecclesiastical government of the Reich, drawing its authority from the Führer and using political powers, has recklessly continued to destroy the Church.

'The violent action taken against the churches in South Germany has destroyed the last possibility of an ecclesiastical renaissance that would still retain a connection with the past. This has become a cause of complaint that we feel compelled to proclaim at this time. We declare that the constitution of the Reich Church is abrogated, its regular organs no longer exist, the men who have seized power in the administration have by their own conduct cut themselves off from the Christian Church. We invite Christian parishes, their ministers and elders, to accept no order from the Reich Church and its authorities and to withdraw from collaboration with them. We transmit this declaration to the Government of the Reich and request that Government to act upon this decision and to recognize that only the Church has the right to judge and to make decisions in all matters concerning the Church, its doctrine, and its organization, without infringing upon the State's controlling power.'

This decision not only signifies a rupture with the Church of the Reich but also a declaration of war against the State itself, for the double reason that the State is backing the official Church with the full weight of its authority. Furthermore, this invitation to disobedience is in reality a fiscal strike, since church dues in Germany are collected by the State. The crucial question, however, goes further. We must discover what attitude the State, National Socialism, and Hitler will adopt in the face of the schism and whether the 'intolerable papacy,' the 'profane *Führerprinzip*,' and the 'authorization of the Führer' will be able to triumph over this opposition. According to the usual methods of National Socialism, which scorns nothing so much as freedom of conscience and the courage of conviction, the fundamental solution would be very simple. The Government would destroy its opponents, imprison them in concentration camps, assassinate them, and the very next day the National Church would be as great a success as all the other innovations of the Brown régime.

III

But various objections against such action arise at the present moment, one of the most important being the strength of the opposition. On the other hand, there are a great many supporters of the 'Confessional Church' who are faithful to National Socialism and even support it actively. But supreme importance must be attached to the outside world, which unequivocally condemned the German ecclesiastical system during the September session of the Ecumenical Council at Fanö, and particularly to

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called 'Confessional Church' to show that their consciences depended on their faith and not on the authority of the State, opposed the aspirations of the National Church. This resistance spurred Jaeger on to the fight. One after the other the twenty-eight independent Protestant churches were incorporated by more or less violent means, and last July during an official audience Jaeger and the Reichsbishop announced to Hitler that there were only three churches still unsubdued.

None the less, this 'unification' was very feeble, and a few days before this audience the Minister of the Interior thought it wise to prohibit 'for reasons of safety, order, and public calm, all discussion concerning the religious conflict at public gatherings, in the press, in tracts and pamphlets, except the official publications of the Reichsbishop until new instructions have been issued.' The fact that a month later this decree was limited to 'polemics and controversies that did not conform to the truth' in no way modified its importance, so that it would be futile to search for any word of dissension on recent events in the German press.

The obstinate pastors were concentrated in Westphalia, the Rhineland, Hanover, Württemberg, and Bavaria. Their number can be estimated at eight thousand, out of a total of eighteen thousand. The conflict broke out late in September at the time of the Reichsbishop's enthronement. The 'Confessional Church' ordered its supporters to read a solemn protest from the pulpit calling their opponents 'heretics who are attempting to build up a National Church of Germanic character above the faith itself.' They also declared that Müller and Jaeger, who are at the head of the new church, had excluded themselves from the community of the faithful. At that time, only two churches were officially in rebellion, those of Württemberg and Bavaria. They had to be crushed, and Dr. Jaeger resorted to means that had proved their worth more than once. Aided by the state secret police he dismissed the bishops of these two churches, Wurm and Meisser, creating enormous repercussions, for neither the Württemberg nor the Bavarian Protestants would recognize the measures that had been taken. The bishops and their flocks deluged each other with oaths of fidelity. In Bavaria indignation ran so high that the Reichstatthalter tried to intervene in Berlin. The 'Confessional Church' published a new ardent appeal against Müller and Jaeger. Throughout Germany sermons protested against the official ecclesiastical régime, and finally the 'Confessional Church' openly declared that a schism existed.

This occurred at the second synod of the 'Confessional Church,' which was called at Berlin on October 20, 1934, with an official representative of the World Protestant Union in attendance. This session adopted the final proclamation, revealing once more without any ambiguity all the difficulties between the 'Confessional Church' and National-Socialist church policy and drawing conclusions that may have far-reaching effects.

The proclamation reads: 'The National Church to which the Reichsbishop aspires means that the Gospels are cast out of the German Evangelical Church and that the mission of the Church is handed over to temporal powers. The dictatorship that the

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Protestantism, Catholicism, and Germanic paganism without any compunctions. Nazism is trying to build a National Church in accordance with the *Führerprinzip*. The supreme ruler, an absolute Pope, would, of course, be Hitler, who would be responsible to himself alone.

We have not, however, yet reached that stage, and the reason is, of course, political rather than religious. For National Socialism has no scruples, shuns no act of violence, and ignores the very essence of religion. Moreover, this is not the first time that German Protestantism has aspired toward unification. Immediately after Bismarck's foundation of the Reich, 1,200 ecclesiastical notables met in Berlin in October, 1871, in order to merge the numerous regional churches into one church. At this time, however, it was impossible to overcome the dogmatic differences of the Lutherans, the Reformed Protestants, and the Unitarians. Not until 1922 did the fusion take place through the *Deutscher Kirchenbund* (the German Church Federation), which functioned as the sole organ of German Protestantism in its relation to the Reich and foreign churches but granted the various churches in its membership absolute independence in creed and internal government.

II

National Socialism, on the other hand, from the moment it came into power, used all its authority to attain the appointed goal. In July, 1933, a constitution was adopted that compelled the regional churches to fuse into the *Deutsche Evangelische Kirche* (German Evangelical Church), the duties of which were to be determined by a National Synod. With due regard to the National-Socialist revolution, the constitution prescribed ecclesiastical elections to determine the membership of the new Synod. These elections, organized in familiar style, gave an eighty-per-cent vote to the National Socialists. The Synod thus elected gathered at Wittenberg last autumn. It was there that Müller had himself officially elected Reichsbishop and that he formed the 'Ministry' of four men—three theologians and one jurist—as prescribed by the constitution. But the jurist later became all-important because of the personality of the man who held that position, Ministerial Director, Dr. Jaeger.

This son of a Protestant minister who served as a reserve officer during the War and then became a judge at Wiesbaden and an early convert to National Socialism subordinated everything to his desire to rule with a cold, cynical brutality that ignored any will but its own. Thanks to these qualities, he became the real head and preceptor of National-Socialist ecclesiastical politics, and beside him the former military pastor and present Reichsbishop Müller assumed a secondary rôle. In fact, it was quite within Dr. Jaeger's province as judicial administrator to determine what was right and what was wrong in the new Protestant Church; indeed, he banished all doubts on this subject from the very start by demanding immediate action against all opposition.

Jaeger's policies, untroubled by misgivings or religious scruples, led to the present schism of German Protestantism, which is simply the logical conclusion of preceding developments. From the very start, a number of Protestant pastors, who united in a so-

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Open opposition to the Nazi régime is now chiefly confined to the religious front, from which this article reports some pre-Saar-plebiscite developments.

Church War *in* Germany

By Wolf Franck

Translated from the *Europe Nouvelle*
Paris Foreign-Affairs Weekly

'Whoever cannot help us to build this church,' Reichsbishop Müller said, in defining the aim of the National-Socialist Church, 'whoever is not able to struggle as we do in the Third Reich, must either keep silent or draw aside. If he does not do so of his own accord, I shall have to compel him. What we want is a German church independent of Rome. Here is the goal for which we are struggling—one state, one people, one church.'

These words are already famous, and the Bishop's 'Gray Eminence,' the 'judicial administrator' of the National-Socialist Church, Ministerial Director Jaeger, expressed himself in even more definite terms. 'The ultimate aim is the suppression of all sects, the liquidation of religious differences among the German people. At the end of this evolution we see the National Church.' If, moreover, we consider the ecclesiastical law passed during the August session of the National Synod and dealing with the vows taken by the clergy and church dignitaries and if we recall that the essential points in this law, according to Dr. Jaeger, are 'recognition of the Führer as such; recognition of the community (*Volkstum*) as such; complete sacrifice for this community and devotion of all one's energies to this church,' we are then able to understand the last phase of the conflict that is being waged within German Protestantism as well as its significance and possible development.

We should not underestimate the importance of this phase. At the same time we should understand that it will not be decisive. The aims of National Socialism are clear, for it is trying to control the religion of the German people and to create a church rule that fits the National-Socialist political pattern. At the same time it mixes

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is being guarded in Vienna. To him it is no romantic dream that the precious stones in this noble diadem will once again shine over Germany or over part of Germany. He feels his real mission lies here. It is here that the clear aims of militant Catholicism are revealed. Here also lies the kernel of the resistance against National Socialism, for the Third Reich and the *Sacrum Imperium* are just as mutually exclusive as Franciscan Catholicism and National Socialism are mutually congenial.

Schuschnigg is chancellor, but the *Imperium Romanum* is stronger than he. Bruno Gobri's frank words in the *Gerarchia* state what we have often proclaimed in these pages, *Pecunia non olet*. The Banco d'Italia receives credits from France, and then Vienna is paid in lire. When money is not useful, honors are handed out. Not only have almost all the members of the Austrian Cabinet been overwhelmed with Italian decorations; King Victor Emmanuel has given the president of the chief industrial organization, the director of the official news bureau, the board of directors of the Austrian Aviation Company, and other gentlemen in similar positions the Cross of Commanding Officer of the Order of the Italian Crown. *Non olet*.

The military side of this question can be explained from neutral sources. In the October issue of the *Schweizerische Monatshefte für Politik und Kultur* we find the following statements, which we reproduce word for word:—

'The serious setbacks in our military and geographic situation caused by the Treaties of Versailles and Trianon include the completely altered situation of the eastern part of our country [Switzerland]. Since 1919 we have been bordered on the east by a little rump state [Austria], a tiny affair that cannot maintain itself by its own power, that constantly needs help from abroad, and that has become a territory in which various foreign influences are at loggerheads. Recently Italy has succeeded in expelling most of the other foreign influences from Austria and attaining predominance in Vienna, thus making Austria not merely a sphere of Italian influence but almost a protectorate. The interference of the Italian Ambassador at Vienna in domestic Austrian affairs has, in the past year, taken forms that no really free and independent country would ever tolerate. This year has clearly shown that Austria has come within Italy's military sphere of influence.'

The Third Reich, the *Imperium Romanum*, the *Sacrum Imperium*— the present and future destiny of our continent will be determined by the struggle between these three forces.

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tiously in the same magazine. He attempts to show that the Austrian nation is gradually rising and triumphing but that a popular vote cannot occur since he foresees what the result will be, for he writes as follows:—

'To-day Austria has adopted a new constitution. The parties have no legal right to existence, and a popular referendum can occur only if it is carried within the framework of the Austrian corporative state. I consider a plebiscite impossible, for, if the Government placed any question involving the independence of Austria before the people, it would at once be renouncing part of its own sovereignty. A general referendum on the question of domestic and foreign governmental policy at the present transition stage would lead to a coalition between the National Socialists and the Left-wing radicals.' Signor Morreale also admits that the Austrian Government would find itself in just as hopeless a minority after such a vote as it is to-day. But Italy has a method of quickly overcoming this obstacle, and Signor Gobri has given us the key to its policy: 'A great deal of money.'

As we prophesied here immediately after the attempted Putsch of last summer, the clerical and Fascist powers in Austria have already welded themselves together. This position is verified by a few sentences from the neutral *Neue Aargauer Zeitung* in the middle of October: 'It is an open secret that at the end of July Italy and Austria were on the point of concluding a military agreement involving far-reaching collaboration in the military field and that Austria had surrendered itself completely to Italy. The agreement was to be signed when the Austrian Chancellor visited Riccione, but the train of events of July 25 upset this plan. The new Chancellor, Dr. Schuschnigg, therefore visited the Duce in Florence when the big army manœuvres were beginning but refrained from signing any far-reaching agreements and refused to enter into any treaty because of orders he had received from France.'

V

If this description from a Swiss newspaper is true, and there is a great deal of reason to believe it is, we see how sharply the struggle between the *Imperium Romanum* and the *Sacrum Imperium* has divided Austria. Chancellor Schuschnigg is a clever superior spirit. Of Tyrolean origin he has little inclination to make his native country subordinate to the temporal empire of Rome. His roots are in the Catholic Action group. He considers himself the heir of Monsignor Seipel, who tried to sound out Italy but who originated the watchword, 'No settlement without Germany.' Schuschnigg wants to restore a situation in which Austria can play on four different groups—Italy, France, the Little Entente, and Germany. Only in this way does the Austrian Chancellor feel sure he can avoid an Anschluss with Italy or Germany or the dangers of subjecting himself to France and the Little Entente. The Chancellor knows that his time has not yet come or rather that the time of the Hapsburgs has not yet come, when another empire is to be set up in the south by the *Sacrum Imperium*.

Dr. Schuschnigg enjoys referring to the crown of Charles the Great that

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he had been building with Bulgaria for a whole year. This move automatically disturbed France, since Belgrade was branching out on its own.

King Alexander was invited to Paris to answer for his conduct. And Barthou had planned to visit Italy before the beginning of November. In Sofia forty bodyguards accompanied King Alexander. The French officials let it be known that so much protection was unnecessary but that every measure for security would be taken. Alexander landed in Marseille and within a few minutes had fallen victim to the fatal bullets. With the death of this king, who was almost the last man deserving the title in Europe, a gradual shift in the balance of power began.

Who would dare to make any prophecies under these circumstances? Only one possibility remains always in the background—that all the parties may unite and turn the conflict against Germany. This would serve the interest of the *Imperium Romanum*, which wants to make Austria into the province of Noricum but does not want it to be a Roman Catholic state. This also coincides with the wishes of the French irreconcilables, and even the *Sacrum Imperium* would not be opposed since the death of King Alexander has increased the chances of the Hapsburgs enormously.

The coefficient of uncertainty becomes very large when we attempt to analyze the European situation accurately. England, for instance, could hardly tolerate the existence of an *Imperium Romanum* because it would threaten the British imperial trade route through the Mediterranean. It must never be forgotten that the independence of which Italy boasts so much is viewed by England in quite a different light, for Italy as an opponent would be a Power not to be underestimated by England and the Empire. For that reason the policy of Great Britain on naval problems and in respect to conflicts on continental Europe always tends toward a compromise.

IV

In the October issue of *Gerarchia*, which also included Eugenio Morreale's attack on Germany, we read the following passage in an article by his friend, Bruno Gobri: 'If I may express my opinion, I might say that the problem of freeing Austria from the threat of National Socialism is a question of organization and money. It would be a waste of time to try to force the Austrian generation now reaching maturity to change their opinions. Neither force nor argument would produce any results, but a new Austria must be built with the young people under fifteen years old. Remember the Austrian youth camp in Rome in this connection. Old German Austria must be replaced by this new political creation. A safe leader and a great deal of money are obviously necessary.'

'And a great deal of money.' We do not doubt that Signori Morreale and Gobri have extraordinarily large sums at their disposition, that they have had this money for years, and that they have determined to continue corrupting Austria to the limit. Yet we are amazed that *Gerarchia* speaks so openly about these matters, which up to now have remained the sole responsibility of Signor Morreale. Morreale himself speaks more cau-

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come to any real solution, and the assassination of King Alexander and Barthou, which occurred only because of scandalously inadequate police protection, overthrew the National-Union Government. Although the French Right-wing parties are utterly corrupted by the armament makers, the Left-wing parties have suffered most from the collapse of parliamentarism. Thus, all the tendencies favorable to a Fascism suited to the French way of life have been strengthened, and today it is hardly possible for the Radical Socialists to set themselves up as morally superior to the Italian Fascists.

Since Fascism has gained moral stature in France, Mussolini could make clever use of it. The French will certainly not take over Fascist forms, but the state leadership will be made to resemble the Italian model in many respects. In Germany and France Italy is witnessing completely contradictory inner developments. Whereas the German National-Socialist Party took over certain forms from Fascism, National Socialism developed more and more on its own base, which must be quite different from the Fascist base, since the Third Reich and the *Imperium Romanum* are in conflict. France, on the other hand, did not take over any outer forms but is inclined to accept the inner content of Fascism, to which the French mentality is more receptive than the German. It cannot be denied that the Italian leaders possess a very fine organ to encourage these developments and to capitalize on them in their foreign policy.

Last summer, Italy shifted its position within a few weeks. In June Hitler and Mussolini met in Venice. One of the few publicly announced results of their conversation was that both countries refused to enter any multilateral treaties. On the 13th of July, the day after the East European Pact had been submitted to Berlin, the official Italian news agency released a communiqué urging Germany to join. Thus, Italy, for the first time, openly took the French side on a paramount issue. And it is important to remember that this happened before the events in Austria on July 25th and after the Banco d'Italia had received its first credits from France, which were guaranteed in May. By shifting its ground on the question of the East European Pact, Italy gave France a tremendous advantage in the diplomatic negotiations that were under way and showed on this occasion that it took the same stand as Paris.

Albert Mousset has written in his *Paradoxes:* 'When Italy uses the word "revision," it is speaking less of its boundaries than of its position in the hierarchy of nations.' This is quite correct. Italy sees that the moment has come when it can abandon its ideas on revision in exchange for a higher position in the hierarchy of nations.

Rome reached a basic decision, but things were not so simple. A close alliance binds Italy to Hungary. France has equally close connections with Yugoslavia and the Little Entente. A Franco-Italian rapprochement would automatically affect all these countries. Hungarian-Italian relationships were severely disturbed in September. France, however, had to maintain the integrity of Yugoslavia although King Alexander visited Sofia and cemented the better relations that

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entry of the Soviet Union into the League of Nations, he brought the Russian policy of France to a certain conclusion because the collaboration of the General Staffs had to wait until this step was taken. Barthou was, to a certain extent, the high point and culmination of the new French foreign policy that went into effect after Briand died. All that remained to be completed were the plans for Franco-Italian settlement.

But here the failure of the East European Pact took all the drive out of French foreign policy. Between the summer of 1932 and the summer of 1934 friendship with Russia came too much into the foreground not to have made its limitations quite clear. It would be premature to say that relations between the two countries have begun to cool, but it does not serve their interests to go any further. Relations with Italy have become much more important to France.

III

In his valuable book, *Paradoxes sur le passé, le présent et l'avenir de l'Europe*, Albert Mousset has said: 'Franco-Italian relationships will lack any psychological basis until we know whether France saved Italy or Italy saved France during the War.'

Does the psychological basis for an agreement or an alliance exist to-day? It is doubtful, just as it has been doubtful throughout the entire post-war period, whether anything more than a metaphysical political agreement has existed between Rome and Paris. During the Franco-Italian negotiations, the French have always been in the position of surrendering something and the Italians in the position of making demands. Whether they have been discussing the colonial question in Africa, naval problems, or the influences of the two countries in southeastern Europe and Austria, Italy has never been able to offer anything in return for accession to its desires. France always had the effective power on its side with a bigger army, a bigger navy, bigger colonies, and more money. Yet the material and psychological basis shifted to Italy during these years. Economic laws may have favored France, but the inner imponderable advantages have favored Italy to an increasing degree.

The French have regarded the new imperial idea in Germany with interest, almost with hatred, but they have nothing to offer in opposition. It was either a question of brute force or, what amounts to the same thing, the conception of the sanctity of treaties. Experience with Poland has taught the French that neither brute force nor sacred treaties offer sufficient resistance to a young idea. Thus, the paradoxical situation has arisen in which the French must base their hopes on the Fascist *Imperium Romanum*, the very possibility of which they look upon with dread.

Domestic developments in France have also produced repercussions on the country's foreign policy. The great Stavisky scandals do not incline us to assert that the power of France has been completely wrecked. Nevertheless, these symptoms of decay in the French parliamentary system of government have produced serious effects on the system as a whole.

The Doumergue Cabinet has not settled the crisis of the French system; it has merely covered up a few iniquities. The Stavisky case did not

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ruled by the Quirinal. These are the points of departure of the Fascist *Imperium Romanum* that is planning to extend gradually throughout the entire Mediterranean. Although the *Sacrum Imperium* and the *Imperium Romanum* may come into conflict over Austrian or Croatian soil, they both regard the Third Reich as a competitor. Hence, the advocates of both ideas find themselves temporarily in agreement; but it is also necessary to distinguish where their community of interest ends and their hostility begins.

II

Although the decisive struggle in present-day Europe finds three imperial ideas in conflict, it would be naïve to assume that the liberal and Bolshevist worlds—both of which are rooted in reason—have suddenly lost all their power. We see their works every day. But the rationalist world no longer revolves on our axis, as we discover when we consider the real world of foreign policy. The overthrow of both liberalism and Bolshevism in the limited confines of Germany was merely a beginning. Thanks to our history and our mission, it has been given to us to enjoy a state of meditative peace now that the foreign substances that used to lie like a crust on the souls and bodies of our people have been removed. We could not live a Swiss existence. That would have meant denying everything that we loved throughout the two thousand years of German history that we bear in our hearts. In a time overloaded with superlatives, we nevertheless declare, with full consciousness of what it means, that the duty of a heroic policy is the fight for the Reich.

It would be impossible to disentangle the confusion of recent European history if we were not able to reveal the simple directing idea that illuminates what appears to be a fight between each and all. The interests of the Powers are so intermingled that such catchwords as 'revision' and 'sanctity of treaties' that dominated Europe during the first decade after the dictate of Versailles no longer explain popular movements. To a small, a very small, degree, Europe has for years been moving toward a new war day by day. No nation wants it, but all of them are sliding gradually toward a concealed destination. Life in Paris and Rome, in Berlin and in the capitals of southeastern Europe continues to beat peacefully and with a steady rhythm. Yet everywhere there strides a ghost asking how long this will last. If the shattering experience of the World War were not so recent, the conflagration would have started long ago, but we still shrink at embarking on such a course. Yet, for all anyone knows, this very feeling of anxiety may be the spark that will set off the explosion. The forces work in secret. Men are small, and everyone knows with how little understanding the world is ruled. What a stroke of good fortune that the refusal of Germany and Poland has prevented Louis Barthou's system of alliances from spreading too far, a system originated by a man who really believed that he was working for peace but could not help adding to the forces of evil.

Barthou lived to see his dream of an East European Locarno come to an end, and nothing would have been different if he had remained French Foreign Minister for years. With the

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high clerics in Croatia, Austria, Hungary, Slovakia, and South Germany all advocate.

The dissolution of Austria-Hungary was a much more severe blow to the Vatican than the politicians of the Roman Curia perceived during the War. They did not understand until later what had happened. Furthermore, they could come to no agreement with the inchoate Weimar Republic because for centuries the Vatican had opposed anything of this kind. But the idea of the Third Reich contradicts still more basically the *Sacrum Imperium* and the Vatican's claim to temporal power.

Here an important distinction must be drawn. The Third Reich does not run counter to Catholicism, it does not deny that men must live by rules, such as St. Francis laid down, but it cannot tolerate Loyola and the political, worldly Catholicism that struggles for temporal power. The split in the Catholic ranks has become an open one. The idea of the Third Reich excludes Loyola and political Catholicism but allows room for the Franciscan Catholics. Although the Roman Curia seems to have been retreating for years and even decades to Franciscan Catholicism, actually it has never renounced Loyola, the struggle for political power, or its own supreme purpose of building up a Catholic counter-empire. Here are the roots of the struggle for Austria. For ten years the Vatican and Austria attempted to arrive at a concordat, but even under the rule of Monsignor Seipel no agreement could be reached. In 1934 this concordat became the prize in the struggle since it was during that year that the swastika cross shed its radiance over Germany and all supporters of the Hapsburgs offered opposition.

The Catholic imperial idea must not be confused with the Fascist imperial idea of a new *Imperium Romanum*. Both might go along the same road for a certain distance, but at some point they must reach a parting of the ways. From its beginnings, Fascism contained the germ of a new *Imperium Romanum*. Many of its statements and even the bundle of fasces that it uses as a symbol show this. At the same time the Fascist Roman Empire did not begin to develop until unity appeared in the north under the ægis of the Third Reich. Before the National-Socialist State had come into existence, Roman imperialism believed that the similarity of many outward forms and symbols would destine the National-Socialist movement to become part of the general Roman movement. With a certain naïveté, National Socialism was regarded as an offspring of Fascism. Not long ago, Eugenio Morreale gave a typical example of this in an article that appeared in one of the leading Fascist publications, *Gerarchia*, edited by Mussolini. 'Everyone who surrounds the Führer,' he wrote, 'seems to be possessed with an originality mania and refuses at all costs to regard National Socialism as an offspring of Fascism.'

The *Imperium Romanum* of Fascism turns its attention to the same districts that the *Sacrum Imperium* has chosen. It wants to close the Adriatic by incorporating Dalmatia in the Italian kingdom. It wants to destroy Yugoslavia and erect a Croatian state under Italian leadership, and finally it wants Austria strictly separated from the German Reich and

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A leading Nazi publicist interprets the present struggle in Europe as a contest between the Third Reich, Italian Fascism, and the Catholic Church.

Europe *after* Marseille

By GISELHER WIRSING

Translated from the *Tat*
Jena National-Socialist Monthly

THE struggle over the Reich has become the central question of European history in our time. Three forces are in conflict—the National-Socialist Third Reich, the Fascist *Imperium Romanum*, and the Catholic *Sacrum Imperium*, which would restore the Holy Roman Empire under Hapsburg leadership.

When we Germans speak of the Holy Reich, we do not refer to the *Sacrum Imperium* of the Middle Ages or to the Roman Church of to-day. During the Middle Ages the papacy lived in the contradiction of being at once a universal Empire and a universal Church, although the concrete form that the Holy Roman Empire assumed contradicted the German nation. The secularization of spiritual power began almost at the same time that German imperial history began, and it has continued through the centuries up to our own day. St. Francis of Assisi and St. Ignatius Loyola are the two poles between which spiritual and secular Catholicism revolve at the present time. Only the forms through which the Church-State attempts to assert political power have become more visible in its period of decline; its claim to power remains.

Political Catholicism in Central Europe with its idea of the *Sacrum Imperium* means the victory of Loyola over St. Francis. The policy of the Vatican is universal, but it keeps reverting to its chief aim, which is to set up a *Sacrum Imperium* in Central Europe to compensate for the loss of France and Spain. The Vatican must always base its claims on the wealth and tradition of Central Europe, on the remnants of the Catholic parties, on Hapsburg legitimism, which the

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on the Australian route will be overflown daily as a thing of course when the icy chains of the Himalayan and Trans-Himalayan ranges will long remain a sky-cleaving obstacle even to the wings of man.

If in Britain the reception of the Report has been more favorable than was anticipated, in India it has been even worse. Flushed by success in the recent contests and hating every idea of check or ballast—however essential for Indian unity and peace—that might impede its electioneering career, the Congress Party pours ridicule on the arguments of our Conservative dissentients. The safeguards proclaimed illusory by the latter are execrated by the former as intolerable chains. For this reason India is summoned to reject the Report root and branch. It by no means follows that this advice will be taken. More sinister is the suggestion of Liberals and Moderates that the Report shall be accepted not as a settlement even for ten years but as an instrument for uninterrupted pressure and leverage. They declare their reliance upon the accession of our Labor Party to office. No open calculation less auspicious for the electoral prospects of Labor could well be supposed.

But these are early days. First impulses and views are pretty certain to undergo considerable modification. India is offered far more freedom of every kind than exists to-day in some of the most highly civilized nations of Europe. Her 'politically minded' classes will think twice and thrice before declining that offer and following the superheated advocates of root-and-branch rejection.

In the Report there is one sentence where every word weighs a ton. 'The Committee considers that the proposals they make are inevitable, and they hold that, if this conclusion is rejected, the prospect of an All-India federation will disappear for many years, if not forever, and the measure of harmony achieved in recent years in British India will be destroyed.' We believe that this grave pronouncement is entirely true.

One qualification no doubt must be entered. Were the Report evidently frustrated in India, and not here, our hands would be free. Other methods than are now offered could be adopted then with the definite coöperation of large and sufficient elements in India itself. But let us see well to it that no blame for the wrecking of the Report falls on this country. The British democracy in more than one crisis has shown the genius of good judgment. It is called upon now to give its supreme proof, and it will not fail.

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most imaginative and emotional part of the world—a part that is also the most complicated—would be madness.

The Federal Legislature is to be constituted by two Houses. They cannot be revolutionized in composition by any single general election fought in excitement. This firm provision is elementary wisdom. It excludes a vital danger. How is that security established? The Upper House will not be exposed to dissolution. Instead, its members shall be elected for nine years, and one-third of them shall be replaced every three years. The Lower House may be dissolved as in Britain. But the pendulum could not swing so violently. This for two reasons: first, because one-third of the members, representing the Indian states, would be little affected by any appeal to the polls; secondly, because the remaining two-thirds are to be indirectly elected by the provincial assemblies, who would not all be subject at one time to the same wave of impulse.

All the more unpopular for that, in British India and particularly among the Congress Party, this provision is none the less salutary. Under direct election in enormous constituencies a member nominally the representative of 300,000 voters would remain unknown to most of them and could only be a machine man. Through years past, in agreement with many detached Indian thinkers of all schools, this journal has often expressed the view that close imitation of our peculiar insular methods would be a radical error in British India; and that the entire political system there—local and regional as well as federal—would be better built by indirect election from the village upward and outward. But other influential minds both there and here are as wholly in favor of direct election wherever it could be applied. Where no sufficient agreement on any plan ever could be reached without all-around sacrifice of sectional and individual views, the Joint Committee's mode of determining the bases of the Federal Houses is the best adjustment.

With indicating these broad aspects —leaving unmentioned many features of signal interest—we must for the present be content. The entire design we have described as colossal and complex. To what degree it is both one and the other remains hard indeed for our ordinary home-keeping electors to apprehend. Sir James Jeans might as well talk to them of inconceivably multitudinous universes at distances measured by billions of light-years.

A word, formerly well known, may help a little to illustrate. When the Australian Commonwealth Bill was brought over to Westminster a generation ago, it was called a new thing in history as being a 'constitution for a continent.' Now we have to magnify that conception. The Australian Bill was framed for about 5,000,000 souls. The India Report concerns over 350,000,000 people, amounting, as we have said, to a fifth of all mankind. Nor is India usefully described in the habitual jargon as a 'sub-continent.' It is less so than Europe itself. Its land frontiers are demarcated by stupendous ramparts, whereas by comparison the elevations between Asia and Europe are low and traversable. India is in every way, geographical and social, a full continent in itself. In the present age of aviation the Timor Sea

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India that on those terms would be more and more united against us in a way that nothing else on earth could bring about. A policy of force more general and convulsive than we have ever yet tried to employ would come to its certain doom within a very few years. We shall have to come back to that proposition and develop it at more length during the discussions of the next few months.

Meanwhile, let us remember it; and, when the Conservative minority summons us, above all, to face realities,—which we ourselves are very willing to do,—let us face in its stark truth the reality we have just stated. That is why in our conviction the constructive system of the great Report will command the assent of five-sixths of the nation when they realize from now forward before what choice of courses they stand.

By necessity the design is equally colossal and complex. For the presumptive continuance under the new conditions of the peace, and, therefore, the progress, which that empire within an empire hitherto has enjoyed, India requires an executive system comparable in power with the ruling vigor of the dictatorships, though shielding the growth and encouraging the exercise of ordered freedom. Those conditions could not begin to be furnished in the India of to-day by responsible ministries without the aid of the British authorities and the collaboration of the princes on the lines of the Report.

We come next to what is least controversial. The Report shows how even and satisfactory has been the development of regional self-government. That process is now to be carried to the fullest extent at present compatible with social and communal security. Police and order are to be put under the provincial ministries subject to such provision for emergency as we have described above. Without this enlargement of purview there could be no education of Indian party leaders in the sterner meanings of practical responsibility. The provinces were historically nine in number but by conceding distinctive status to Orissa and Sind are increased to eleven. It must be borne in mind that most of these constituent areas of what we call British India are comparable in size to the larger European nations. Dense Bengal alone contains over 50,000,000 people; its Moslems possess a majority, but not a very large one, over a most vehement Hinduism; and it seethes with all the problems together, religious, social, and temperamental.

So much here for the provincial pillars of federation. But they sustain only part of the superstructure. Its columnar supports on the other side must be created by the adhesion of the princes whose states in internal affairs will continue under personal rule. This dualism in the wide understructure would be an astonishing anomaly but for the fact that the working unity of All-India cannot be attained and maintained except through federation of a composite character.

III

We come to what is central and predominant. Massive in itself, it is buttressed in the manner rendered imperative by the nature of the inevitable stresses and strains. Without especial precautions for stability, to introduce full parliamentarism into the

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Lacking nothing of high sympathies, it shirks no probe, slurs no difficulty, and is bold in practical contrivance. It has that courage and discrimination together that are the surest mark of statesmanship. It is the judgment of men who have filled the most eminent and various offices in connection with India, who have been bred in different political parties, who are unmatched in assembled experience of their subject, and who at the end of labors extending through nearly twenty months have done their work without fear or favor.

What is proposed? For All-India—wide provinces and princely states together, including a fifth of mankind and almost countless diversities—the recommendations advise a system of federalism with safeguards. In this main sense the Joint Committee, after the exhaustive investigations of nearly twenty months, finally confirms the conclusions of the White Paper. Where the Report varies from the Paper it differs by reinforcing some of the safeguards. And this even more in India's most vital interest than our own, because chiefly with a view to ensuring in all circumstances the discipline and efficiency of the police, the maintenance of law and order, and, in a word, the perpetuation of that internal peace that it was the glory of the old Raj to establish and preserve.

II

To this end it is recommended that the viceroy and the governors shall be able to exert at need—and they are sure not to exert except at plain need—the fullest powers of direct and overruling intervention. Terrorism in Bengal, for instance, has been of a kind that any civilized community would have to use all its resources to extirpate. In some other provinces, especially in their more industrialized cities, there is a steady spread of socialistic emotion such as for aught anyone yet knows might become eruptive amidst the altering circumstances of the next few years. Likewise, the contingency in the same circumstances of exceptionally grave communal outbreaks between Hindus and Moslems has to be provided against as another part of the primary obligation of statesmanship.

These are the reasons—in our judgment irrefutable—for strengthening the powers of the viceroy and the governors, in case of need, to preserve social order and to protect the police from demoralization by political tampering.

We go straight to this point for two reasons. First, it touches the very core of the controversy among the supporters of national government, and especially in the Conservative ranks. In view of the world's realities to-day, both in West and East, there has been genuine and growing disquiet in this country concerning future securities for the discipline and cohesion of the Indian police forces as for their impartial and efficient action in emergency. On this head the Report goes as far as possible to remove legitimate anxiety. In reinforcing the guarantees for the internal peace of India, the Joint Committee could not have gone further without abandoning the entire policy of self-government for All-India within the Empire.

The alternative to that policy is not the *status quo* in India. No, the practical alternative to the Report is the attempt to hold by coercive force an

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increasing wholeness of our human relationships that I see the only possible ultimate solution of our present discords. Here lies the true line of progress for the future. And the more we recognize this wholeness of mankind, this integral character of all our relationships, the surer our success will be in the great adventure of human government, and the brighter the prospects will be for that world of ordered liberty and peace that we are out to build. The driving force in this human world of ours should be not morbid fears or other sickly obsessions but this inner urge toward wholesome integration and coöperation. The drive toward holism, which I have elsewhere pointed to as at the basis of nature and the creative process in this universe, is equally operative in our human society. Unless it is artificially interfered with and thwarted, it will lead us forward to sanity, wholeness, and wholesomeness and rid us of the pathological obsessions that are to-day producing so much friction and dislocation at every step of our advance.

I thank you for the patience with which you have listened to me, even when you may not have agreed with some of my views. What I have said in all sincerity is simply meant as a plea for understanding by one who has no axe to grind and whose sphere of work lies far from the political battle-front of Europe. Ever since Versailles, where I entered my first protest, I have felt very deeply that the real peace was still to come and that it would be a peace not merely of mechanical arrangements of the territorial or economic kind but something psychological, something in the nature of European reconciliation, something reaching down to and resting on our common human and Christian foundations. In that spirit I have once more pleaded for peace to-night. I hope that our statesmen will yet lead us to that peace before it is too late—that is to say, before new, sinister forces have advanced and taken possession of the field and imperiled what centuries of European effort have accomplished for our human advance. I feel the hour for action has come, or is rapidly coming, and we all pray that our leadership, for which we feel the profoundest sympathy, will not fail us in this crisis of our fate.

II. India and the Issue

By J. L. Garvin

From the *Observer*, London Independent Conservative Sunday Paper

PREDICTION is verified by the greatness of the India Report. First, it supersedes all former authority and becomes a new foundation for constructive thought. Second, in clarity of discernment, weight of reflection, and sober force of exposition, it stands second to none among historic state papers. At a disordered phase of the world it contributes a steadying classic to political science. Its study of the true relations between democracy and the executive power will have wide influence beyond Britain and India. This document searches into the nature of the alternatives before us.

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territory is to be with those with whom we have an instinctive and historic sympathy.

II

The British Commonwealth has its feet in both worlds. Through Great Britain its one foot is firmly planted on this old continent. Through the Dominions it has its other foot as firmly planted in the outer newer world, where the U. S. A. already plays so great a part. The Dominions have even stronger affiliations toward the U. S. A. than Great Britain has. There is a community of outlook, of interests, and perhaps of ultimate destiny between the Dominions and the U. S. A., which in essence is only the first and most important of them. Through the Dominions British policy is ultimately tied up with the U. S. A. in a very profound sense, which goes much deeper than the occasional jars that, perhaps, are more acutely felt at any particular moment. That fundamental affinity, coming from the past, stretching to the future, is, or must be, the real foundation of all British foreign policy. Any policy that ignores it or runs counter to it is calculated to have a disruptive effect on the Commonwealth as a whole. We are here on bedrock, which we ignore at our peril.

While, therefore, our Far Eastern policy should, I submit, be based on friendship with all and exclusive alliances or understandings with none, the ultimate objectives of that policy should continue to conform to that general American orientation that has distinguished it since our association with the U. S. A. in the Great War. In this way our policy will correspond to the actual general situation of our Commonwealth in the world of today—a situation that goes much deeper than, and underlies, all public policies and on which alone it is possible to base stable and enduring policies for the future. Any other course would mean building our Commonwealth policy on quicksands and placing the future of this group at the mercy of incalculable accidents.

In saying this I do not wish to import any note of exclusiveness in our policies or our world outlook. The day is surely gone for the old exclusive outlooks of the past and for the alliances and balances of power that were based on that outlook. In spite of all appearances to the contrary, we have in this respect made progress in the post-war period. The principle of universality on which the Covenant and the new world order are based is slowly making headway. More and more the recognition is winning through that there really is a society, and not merely a collection, of nations. The League of Nations in itself implies a society of nations. Not in our separateness and exclusiveness, not in mere nationalism, either political or economic, lies the way out of our present troubles but in our steadily increasing sociality, in the interweaving of interests, viewpoints, and ideas, in the open door and the removal of barriers and restrictions, in the dominance of large human principles transcending national boundaries, and in the recognition that in mankind we are members one of another. More and more we are recognizing that, in spite of racial and political barriers, humanity is really a whole.

It is in this steadily growing mutuality of our relations, in this ever-

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ably the most beneficent of all post-war changes in international affairs, and its weakening or destruction might involve dangers the magnitude of which none can foresee to-day. I therefore pray for the most serious reflection before the final plunge is taken.

In the third place, everything possible in the power of diplomacy should be done to avoid even the appearance of antagonism between the East and West. The potentialities of the situation are inherently serious enough and should not be rendered worse by one-sided diplomacy. Asia is at a curious phase of her awakening. Complexes there, too, are forming. The old exploitation or ascendency policies are out of place in such a situation and should be carefully avoided for the future. The past record of the West in the East is not one to be proud of or to be further copied. While mindful of our duty and responsibility as trustees for the greatest civilization that this earth has ever known, we should avoid the assumption of superiority. Not the mailed fist but the friendly helping hand should be in future the symbol of our association with Asia.

We are facing the greatest, most intriguing, most testing human situation that has probably ever arisen in history. It may well be that western civilization will stand or fall in this matter of its contacts with the immense human masses of the East. Here let it put its best foot forward and show that it is a universal system, based on the broadest and highest human principles, and not merely a local system for the European peninsula. In this spirit I should say, even if the present negotiations for naval ratios fail, do not let us depart from an attitude of friendliness and large human good will toward Japan. Good will, good temper, friendship will solve the hardest problems of statesmanship yet. And they are specially called for as the ultimate instruments of diplomacy in our dealings with Asia. If we cannot and should not be allies, we can at least be friends and proceed to the unknown dangers of the future in a spirit of understanding and friendliness. The old Japanese alliance may have been, and in my opinion was, a mistake. A policy of friendliness and understanding can never be a mistake and will keep or make friends without thereby making enemies.

Fourthly, and subject to what I have just said, I wish to make another point that I consider no less important and vital. This is a difficult world, in which we have to walk warily, in which even good will may not be enough, and in which we are called upon to exercise a wise discretion as an insurance for the future. In this spirit I would say that to me the future policy and association of our great British Commonwealth lie more with the U. S. A. than with any other group in the world. If ever there comes a parting of the ways, if ever in the crises of the future we are called upon to make a choice, *that*, it seems to me, should be the company we should prefer to walk with and march with to the unknown future. On that path lie our past affiliations, our common moral outlook, our hopes and fears for the future of our common civilization. Nobody can forecast the outcome of the stormy era of history on which we are now probably entering. Our best insurance in this unknown

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not in the Atlantic but the Pacific Ocean and countries. The pot might continue to boil in Europe for perhaps another generation, but in the end it would simmer down. Europe would settle her essentially family quarrels in the end, and a state of more or less peaceful equilibrium would be reached. That feeling I have still. But for these tiresome and obstinate neuroses to which I have referred, Europe would probably already be settling down. The storm centre will pass away from the countries of Christian civilization and shift to the Far East. There the hand of destiny is still writing in its unknown script—in a language and in ideas that are scarcely intelligible to the western mind.

The achievement of the Washington Conference was just this—that in this new danger zone of the future a concert or collective system of the Powers concerned had been built up, a loose conference system, founded on certain vital issues, which might do for the Far East what the Geneva League was attempting to do in the West. Comparative naval power, the integrity of China, the open door in that immense potential market were agreed in principle, and in case of any differences or danger arising the Conference would meet for discussion. Here was the most promising thing for world peace that had yet taken place since the Covenant. The question that is now being raised is whether the promise of Washington will be fulfilled and not prove to be a mere mirage. Manchukuo, as I said, pointed the danger signal.

In the first place, this threat to the continuance of the Washington arrangements and the Pacific concert, with all it may ultimately involve, must be another serious call to Europe to put her house in order without undue delay. It must be plain to everybody that the rift in the lute now beginning in the East may have very disturbing effects on the European concert as well. Whereas Europe left to herself may in the end come to some working equilibrium, the new trouble in the East may easily destroy that prospect. Adversity makes strange bedfellows, and those who have in the past talked loudest of the 'yellow peril' may in future be tempted to look for friends in that unlikely quarter. The day when Europe calls in the Far East to redress the balance of the West will be an evil day for Western civilization and the peace of the world. In view of the situation now developing in the Far East, European statesmen should redouble their efforts to compose European differences before it is too late. The dangers I allude to are so evident that I need not dilate further on this point.

In the second place, I should appeal most earnestly and in the friendliest spirit to Japan, as our old friend and wartime ally, to pause before she puts in motion machinery that will in the end imperil the concert in the Pacific. She has already given notice of withdrawal from the League. If, in addition, she withdraws from the Washington Treaties, the whole collective system goes, so far as she is concerned. For herself this might mean a position of isolation, which experience in the Great War has shown to be most dangerous, even for the greatest of military Powers; and for all the disappearance of the Pacific concert would be a matter of the gravest concern. The collective system is prob-

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Two of the finest minds in England attack the problem of war. Havelock Ellis ridicules the fighting instinct, and Professor Haldane outlines a project of practical pacifism that the British Broadcasting Corporation suppressed.

Two Essays *on* WAR

A British Symposium

I. War and the Fighting Instinct

By Havelock Ellis

From the *Labour Monthly*, London Communist Monthly

I DO not think it is profitable to discuss what would happen under problematical circumstances, which may never arise or, if they did, under conditions we cannot foresee. Nor, on the other hand, can we postpone any decision as to our attitude toward war until the day when it breaks out.

The essential and urgent point is to gain a clear idea of the place of war in human evolution and its rise and progress in the development of a fine civilization. I call this urgent because the ignorance on this matter to be found among even so-called educated people is astounding. It is not so long since Mr. Baldwin, who is counted highly educated even in his own circle, calmly stated in Parliament, with all the authority of leader of the Conservative Party, that the fighting instinct is 'the oldest in our nature,' and that, with reproduction, it is one of the two natural instincts that 'make for the preservation of the race,' and not one voice was raised to question, let alone deny, that assumption.

There is not the slightest ground for supposing that the earliest men waged war. It is not done by any of the possibly related animals among which man arose and very seldom indeed among any animals except ants and

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bees. And, under the difficult conditions of primitive life for a creature like man with so prolonged a period of infancy, warfare would have rendered existence hazardous and perhaps have led to extermination. What early man needed and, as we know, made were tools. Weapons came later, and even then in the first place it would seem for hunting.

II

If we turn to those still existing savages or uncivilized peoples who, though not truly primitive, are doubtless nearer to early man than we ourselves are, it is the same story continued. Many have developed warfare, some of them, like the Caribs—and this is a significant fact—only in recent times, while to others it is still unknown. But even among those who practise war, while among some it is already as ferocious as it has become between modern nations, among others a battle may not be a bloodthirsty event, and the death of a single warrior brings the war to an end, while, if the question of 'reparations' comes in, it is sometimes, very properly, the losing side to which they are paid. It is easy to believe that any anti-social violence involved by war on this scale may be more than compensated by the elements of courage, of discipline, and of organization, which are incidentally developed and are indeed essential to any fine social life. But is anyone foolish enough to suppose that any one of these three qualities is better and more wholesomely developed by the activities of war, as we know it, than by the activities of peace?

So much for the significance of war in pre-human and early human life. If we wish to understand the place of war in history we cannot do better than examine what has happened during the last thousand years in our own islands of Great Britain. Looked at from this point of view, what we see is the gradual substitution for violence and warfare—whether between individuals or groups of individuals led by kings, princes, or barons—of peace and legal order in ever wider organization. Our internal national history has been an irregular but slow conquest over violence and warfare, an evermore widespread expansion of the area of peace.

We see the same process taking place in France and other countries. The whole of our progress has been away from violence, whether between individuals or groups, and toward order, with whatever force may be needed to control any reaction toward violence. Even social uprisings retain the ideal of peaceful order and have in view not a reaction to disorder but the formation of a new peaceful order; if they are directed solely to disorder, they are suppressed with general approval.

Nothing can prevent the further extension of this movement of man. The first two men who settled their quarrel not by fighting but by an appeal to order and justice were initiating a movement that has proceeded, however irregularly, ever since toward the ultimate stage of the disappearance of war between nations. That last stage may be difficult, but it is absolutely inevitable. If it were not so, man himself would disappear, and that does not seem at all probable. Man always slowly but surely responds to his environment. In his early environment, warfare would

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have been fatal; it is tending to become fatal under the new conditions to-day.

But to see that the ultimate disappearance of war is inevitable does not mean that we can afford to sit still and twiddle our thumbs till it happens. What happens to man is man's own doing, and even the inevitable, even death itself, can be hastened or hindered by our own actions. To hasten the disappearance of war is to stand in the forefront of man's advance. I should like to think that labor will so organize itself as to be able effectively to take that place.

II. Defense against War

By J. B. S. Haldane

From the *Daily Herald*, London Labor Daily

DEAN INGE, Sir Norman Angell, and Lord Beaverbrook have told you some of the causes of war, but not all. Dean Inge dealt mostly with psychological causes; the other two, who didn't quite agree, with political causes. I am going to deal with the technical and economic side.

It may be true that hate and fear are the root causes of war, but we sha'n't get rid of them in our time. If I were asked about the causes of fires in houses, I should n't tell you that the main cause was oxygen in the air because that is outside our control. I should talk about the use of too much wood in building, about carelessness with matches and cigarettes, and lastly about our system of insurance, which makes fires a source of profit for some people.

The first thing to get hold of is that the British Commonwealth is extremely powerful in attack but is also extremely vulnerable. We could attack any nation with a seacoast, but we are vulnerable to blockade or air raids, whereas the Soviet Union, for example, is not so strong in attack but probably stronger in defense.

Now this makes for war for two reasons. It makes other nations fear us and therefore, as Dean Inge said, hate us. And it gives their politicians the hope of attacking us successfully. So, if we can make ourselves less vulnerable and at the same time less alarming to others, we shall be helping the cause of peace.

During the last War we were very nearly beaten by the German submarine blockade, and Cabinet Ministers tell us that in the next war the enemy aircraft may drop a greater weight of bombs on London in a single night than they did in the whole of the Great War. What have we got to protect ourselves from these dangers? Very little.

We have one of the world's two largest navies, but the naval experts tell us that without many more cruisers they could not protect our seaborne commerce. We have a small though efficient air force, but the air experts tell us that a far bigger force could not guarantee us against raids but only bring down some of the raiders and bomb the enemy in reprisal.

In a future war our shipping may be attacked by submarines, cruisers, or

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airplanes. We could probably overcome the danger if we had time, as we did that of the German submarines. But shall we be given time?

Our reserves of food in this country are very small. Sometimes we have only three months' supply of wheat. If we had three years' supply of wheat in national granaries, we could laugh at the threat of starvation, and no other Power would be led into war by the hope of starving us out.

The cost of such storage and purchase has been worked out. It would probably run to over £200,000,000, but it would cost much less than our navy and would not frighten anyone. I need hardly add that the wheat is waiting to be bought and the workers who could make such granaries are waiting to be employed.

Air raiders might attack us with explosives or gas. Besides airplanes, balloon barrages, and anti-aircraft guns, there are three other lines of defense. First, gas masks. Fairly good gas masks could be made for about half a crown apiece. But they could not easily be kept in good repair, it would be hard to teach people to use them, and they would not protect the skin against blistering vapors.

Again, every house in our large towns could be given a gas-proof room. This would cost a lot more and would be no protection against explosives. Finally, all the thickly populated parts of our large towns could be equipped with bomb-proof and gas-proof underground shelters. This would cost a great deal, but it would be of immense value.

In fact, if such shelters existed, it is likely that they would never be used, because an enemy would probably not violate the laws of war by bombing civilians unless he thought he could force a decision by so doing, as the Germans hoped to win the war by sinking neutral ships.

If we had protection of this kind, we could afford to reduce our expenditure on ships and airplanes, and people in other countries would be less afraid of us. But, as you know, our Governments have done nothing along these lines, though the need for such action has been obvious since 1920. I am not trying to make party capital. There is nothing to choose between the Conservative and Labor Parties in this respect.

II

Now why is passive defense completely neglected? There are four reasons. Our politicians were brought up in the days of horse cabs and won't think in terms of modern transport. The fighting services have that incurable prejudice in favor of attack, which sent infantrymen like me against uncut barbed wire and refused to give us machine guns for defense. The storage of food would involve at least a partial nationalization of the food trades, which is all wrong, because it is socialism. And above all we have a heavy and continual propaganda from interested parties in favor of increased armaments.

I only wish the farmers and the engineers who would have to excavate dugouts were as enterprising as the armament firms and would subsidize propaganda for the storage of wheat and the making of bomb-proof shelters! I notice that Dean Inge has no use for the idea that armament manufacturers ever frighten us to make us buy their wares. They would be very remarkable people if they did n't. I

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can't open a newspaper without finding an advertisement intended to frighten me into buying toothpaste or pills.

The armament dealers are a little more subtle in their methods, but that is all. After all, common sense tells you that when you find an evil you should inquire who is making money out of it, and then you won't be far off its cause. If you want to catch fire-raisers, you find out who is making money out of fires. If you want to catch war-raisers, find out who is making money out of wars and rumors of wars. Now don't turn off your receiver in disgust because this doctrine is historical materialism or Marxist propaganda. It is Marxism. But it is also common sense, and it is also good Christianity. It was n't Karl Marx who said, 'Where your treasure is, there will your heart be.'

I think that if Dean Inge had had that text in mind he would n't have been quite so certain that armament shareholders would never obstruct disarmament. Actually we know that men employed by armament firms do so. Our present naval competition with the United States is partly due to the efforts of a gentleman who was paid by an American armament firm to interfere with the Anglo-American conversations at Geneva.

The men who framed the Covenant of the League of Nations thought differently to the Dean. Clause 4 of Article 5 begins, 'The members of the League agree that the manufacture by private enterprise of munitions and implements of war is open to grave objections.' When Mr. Lloyd George agreed to that clause on our behalf, he had learned a great deal about armament firms while he was Minister of Munitions. That clause, which is a socialistic clause, was drawn up by such eminent anti-socialists as Viscount Cecil and General Smuts. They realized that at least some kinds of private enterprise are among the causes of war.

Of course, every shareholder in an armament factory does not go about clamoring for war. But he or she realizes that, if the promises to disarm made on behalf of the nations in the Covenant were carried out, it would mean a loss of income and that a war, especially a nice little war on the other side of the world, would mean a financial gain. Let us put the thing as gently as we can. You can't expect those people to be quite as keen on peace as the rest of us, and when peace and war are in the balance that little lack of keenness may turn the scale.

III

Let us see who else besides the armament firms has an interest in war. Perhaps we have n't been quite fair to them. After all, an army needs boots and breeches as well as guns. It gets better food than the civilian population. It needs transport. And, above all, it does not compete with civilians in the labor market. If you talk during a period of great depression, such as 1931, with a man who is engaged in financing international trade, he will often say something of this kind: 'I hate to say it, but you know a war would set the wheels of business going again. Of course, I don't mean a war in which we are involved. But look how well the neutrals did in the Great War.'

If Japan and the Soviet Union went to war to-morrow, not only would

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they want to buy munitions from us but raw materials of all kinds. The Japanese would want their ships for transport, and British tramp steamers would take their places. Their factories would be too busy making army uniforms and explosives to compete with Lancashire. The immediate effect of such a war would probably be a fall in British unemployment. No wonder, then, that some British business men would not exert themselves to stop such a war, even if they would do their best to prevent this country from being drawn into it. In the same way, many Japanese would benefit financially from a war in Europe. That is rather a terrible situation. It means that wherever you have unemployed labor and unemployed capital you have a cause of war. When markets are expanding, as they were through most of the nineteenth century, this cause is absent.

As long as we could sell cloth and rails to the Russians and the Japanese, it was in the interests of almost every Englishman that they should keep the peace. It is not so any more. And I need not tell you that wars have a way of spreading. If the Soviet Union were at war with Japan, a European Power might be tempted to attack her, and we should find it very hard to keep out.

Lord Beaverbrook thinks we could keep out by refusing to commit ourselves to aid any other nation. Well, America had no commitments, and President Wilson tried to keep out of the Great War, but he failed. If submarines were being used against commerce in a Franco-German war, does Lord Beaverbrook honestly believe that no British ships would be sunk? On the contrary, we have a far larger mercantile marine than the Americans had in 1917 and should far more certainly be involved.

IV

When unemployment rises beyond a certain point, things get still worse. Germany had five or six million unemployed in the winter of 1932. They were desperate, and no one can wonder that many of them supported Hitler when he promised them work even though his policy, which involves the absorption of the German-speaking people of Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Denmark, can only be achieved by war.

I sincerely hope that, in spite of this declared policy, Germany may not go to war, but there is no question that the danger of it is far greater as the result of Hitler's advent. By the way, Lord Beaverbrook forgot to mention that the Nazi programme includes the return of the former German colonies. It is a pity that he did not tell us how he would answer such a demand were Germany supreme on the continent of Europe with a very large air force within striking distance of London.

As long, then, as we have massive unemployment, there is a very good reason for war. Every unemployed man or woman is a cause of war. I see no prospect of abolishing unemployment under our present economic system. That is why I am a socialist, and it is one reason why more and more lovers of peace are becoming socialists.

I notice that Dean Inge made the really amazing statement that one cause of war was pressure of population on the means of subsistence.

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Actually the opposite is true. The world contains enough means of subsistence for a much larger population. Our Government is busy trying, by quotas and tariffs, to keep various means of subsistence out of the country. No wonder that with such an economic theory he was unable to make any very constructive suggestions.

I want to deal with one more cause of war. Lovers of peace are hopelessly divided in their policies. If peace is as important as I believe, we ought always to ask ourselves, 'Does a given policy make for peace or war?' and act accordingly. Let me give you two examples: in 1921 the Greek Government rejected the British, French, and Italian proposals for a peace with Turkey and launched an offensive into Asia Minor. In 1922 the Greek army was defeated. There was a revolution, and the commander-in-chief, Prime Minister, and four other Ministers were executed. This was one of the most impressive gestures for peace made in our time.

I think it will be many years before another Greek Government enters into a war. What happened next? The British Government protested strongly and withdrew its Minister from Athens. They had not withdrawn him while tens of thousands of ordinary Greeks and Turks were being slaughtered, but five Ministers and a general were another matter. They showed that they preferred the safety of Cabinet Ministers to the safety of peace.

Thaelmann, the German Communist leader, is in prison to-day. It is reported that he is shortly to be tried and may be sentenced to death. Among other things, he is accused of addressing a meeting in Paris where he demanded international action for peace by the working class. Thaelmann is standing for peace against the warlike policy of Hitler. It will be interesting to watch the reaction of British opinion if he is executed. Dean Inge says that friends of peace may pray to be delivered from such allies. Yet in war we are not so particular about our allies.

Two more examples: the University of Oxford conferred an honorary degree on Sir Basil Zaharoff, the eminent armament manufacturer. The vice-chancellor of Leeds University has just censured Mr. Dickinson, one of its lecturers, for making a very forcible speech in favor of peace. I wonder if our universities are doing all they can to prevent the next war.

To conclude, if we really want peace, we must examine all the causes of war, economic and technical as well as psychological and political. We must be prepared to associate with all sorts of people, from bishops to Bolshevists, who share our aims. We must try to convert others as I have tried to convert you.

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A French journalist terminates a long study of Russia based on first-hand experience with the conclusion that the Soviet Union's future lies in Asia.

Russia *in* ASIA

By MAURICE PERCHERON

Translated from *Document*
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IT WAS from central Asia that the Persians set forth to conquer the world, and it was from central Asia that the Huns rode their horses all the way to the River Loire. Genghis Khan came from Mongolia. Raised by a wolf, this offspring of the Scythians quit the shores of Lake Baikal where he first saw the light of day and at the head of his mounted men forged the peoples of Asia into a compact bloc. It was from the land of the Uzbeks that Tamerlane of Samarkand arrived with a flourish of silk and steel, the same man who wrote the history of his conquest in the granite of the Hungarian plains.

Mongolia and Turkestan saw first an Iron Horde and then a Golden Horde pour out of them. The names Great Pamir and Iran became familiar to European ears. When peace came, the victors built cities on the rivers that had seen Alexander's hoplites pass their way. They dug themselves in and made themselves ready to annihilate any rebellion. As time passed, however, the soft Persian air dulled the edges of their scimiters. The greatest empire the world had ever known fell apart into different family divisions. The conquered nations freed themselves; palaces were pillaged and destroyed.

The soul of the conquerors still lives in the foothills of Great Pamir, in the valleys of the Turcomans, and in the Mongolian steppes. An amalgam of nations that used to be allied and intermingled persists in spite of fratricidal war. To-day old civilizations are beginning to remember that they were once united. A new cement is being prepared. Nearly four hundred million Chinese, as many Indians, sixty million Arabs, and forty million Iranians all share in common their hatred of the white man and former master.

The Soviet Union follows this awakening of the Orient with ardent

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interest. Nations that Europe vaguely refers to as Russian are chiefly aware of their hot Asiatic blood. The Finns, Caucasians, Georgians, Tatars, Turcomans, Buriats, Kirghiz, Kalmuks, and many others have been made Soviet subjects. The Soviet Union now wishes to gain their allegiance, and in pursuit of that end it has shattered the instrument that made these races downtrodden slaves in the time of the Tsars. I refer to religious oppression, as symbolized by a cross that used to dominate a reversed crescent on a mosque in Kazan, which had been changed into a church. Furthermore, while trying to win over the youth of Islam, the Kremlin also conducts intrigues to gain support of the Caliphate if it is ever reëstablished.

What we must never forget is that the U. S. S. R. is the only country in the world that has all its colonies flanking its own frontiers. The colonizing agents are Greater Russia and White Russia with a hundred and ten million inhabitants. The Tatar country along the Volga, Georgia, the Caucasus, Mongolia, though it calls itself autonomous, and even the Ukraine are mere colonies, protective outlying districts or scattered points of crystallization for new exterior influences.

All this territory, except the Ukraine, lies in Asia. Stalin is a Georgian, proud of his Asiatic origins. Turkmenistan is Iranian, and farther to the east is Kazakstan, which is inhabited by Turko-Mongolians. As for Siberia, the people who dwell in its southern regions are absolutely yellow.

The U. S. S. R. has bet double or quits on the dangerous game of cultivating the national spirit among backward people, who were always eager for independence. Victory has crowned its courage and gained it the support of all Asia. Facing Turkish Armenia is Russian Armenia. On the border of Turkey and northwestern Persia lie Crimea, Tatary, and Azerbaijan. The Tadjiks and the Turcomans of Turkestan are brothers of the inhabitants of Afghanistan and Persia. Farther eastward the Uzbeks, Kazaks, and Kirghiz have the same blood in their veins as the inhabitants of Chinese Turkestan, Sin-Kiang, and Inner Mongolia. Tribes living in the foothills of Tibet cast their eyes at the towering mountains that separate them from India, where the great moguls used to reign. In the Altai Mountains and along the whole length of Lake Baikal live the Oirad and Buriats. Only an imaginary line separates them from Outer Mongolia, a republic that is independent of the U. S. S. R. but that is Soviet none the less. Of course, these federated or autonomous republics often show discontent toward Moscow. They are impatient because many promises have not been completely fulfilled, and they even feel ungrateful. They raise their heads higher than Stalin can admit, and the central power must sometimes come down with a heavy hand. But, on the whole, the bloc is proving more national, more pan-Russo-Asiatic every day. And it is made up of people who have repudiated their soft, corrupt, feudal chieftains.

'What savages those people are who live in Sin-Kiang! Would you believe it, the only way they protect their animals from sickness is by sorcery? As for hammering the alphabet into their heads or persuading them to wash . . .' Who said this to me? An Uzbek from Tashkent, the subdirector of a collective farm. Of whom

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was he speaking with such disdainful pity? Of the Uzbeks in the mountains, his brothers.

As in the time of Genghis and the Emirs, what is happening in central Asia has repercussions on the surrounding countries, all the more so because Moscow, already mistress of the gates of India and China, has prepared the way. By modernizing the national spirit she has begun to deorientalize the Asiatic continent. Four great civilizations, Chinese, Indian, Iranian, and Arabic, are all vibrating to-day to the roar of Soviet motors.

Need I recall the political agreement that regulates relations between the U. S. S. R. and Turkey, a friendship that was perhaps strengthened by the entry of Turkey into the League of Nations last year and by the modified state socialism Mustafa Kemal is pursuing? It was with Ankara that Moscow signed its first international treaty. The Kremlin took advantage of the 'sick man of Europe's' desire to live again and to have no more to do with those excessively solicitous European doctors, especially the English ones. The Turks looked forward to the day when the Black and the Caspian Seas, joined together by a canal, would create a single stretch of open water as far as the Bosporus.

Protest against capitalist exploitation of the Orient by the Occident prepared the way for relations to be opened up with the Kingdom of Nejd and the Hejaz and for treaties to be signed with Afghanistan and Persia. A friendly Persia supports the Russo-Turkish agreements, for Persia is primarily anti-British. Incidents involving the Anglo-Persian Oil Company and the oil deposits in Bahrein Island are very significant in this connection. Moscow has worked upon Afghanistan so successfully that Kashmir has become the pivot of British defense in India. As in all the other Moslem countries where England is able to act, it is encouraging militant Islamism and opposing Soviet atheism.

II

In China Moscow first played the game of supporting Canton, the heart of the revolutionary Chinese Republic. Nobody has forgotten the aid it gave to Sun Yat-sen when he was abandoned by Europe and the way it helped to form a proletarian Kuomintang. The intrigues of Borodin and Karakhan in this part of the world are also remembered. After Chiang Kai-shek changed his opinions in 1927 and broke off from his old Red allies in order to establish a national government at Nanking supported by the United States, the Soviets began bolshevizing western China, thus putting themselves in opposition to the Chinese Government. But, while Moscow was encouraging rebellion in Fukien and Kiangsu, it also began to flirt with official China. By abandoning the privileges granted to the Tsars it upset the applecarts of other nations, including Japan. In spite of the diminished propaganda funds at Moscow's disposal, the Red influences spread through the western and southern provinces of China.

Sin-Kiang in particular became the base of Chinese Communism and is drawing closer and closer to the U. S. S. R., rapidly crystallizing in that direction. At the present time, a Chinese Communist Government exists in Kiangsi. Its three groups, including a hundred million Chinese,

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support Leninism, a doctrine that is really quite remote from Marxism but sufficiently anti-capitalistic and anti-foreign to serve the interests of Russian expansion. Kiangsi, Fukien, Honan, Hupeh, Kwangtung, Kwangsi, and Anhwei are all Red. The thin Moslem cordon does not threaten Turkestan or the two Mongolias any more than the armies of Chiang Kai-shek are draining the Communist sea. Will all this end in a renaissance of China or of Japan?

The lower half of the Soviet pincers in Asia is anchored in Turkestan. The upper half takes its point of departure in Outer Mongolia. There the penetration assumes a purely political character. If the collectivization of Uzbekistan and Kazakstan, if the insidious russification of Chinese Sin-Kiang can apparently justify themselves by successfully exploiting the enormously abundant natural wealth and educating the backward peoples, no economic or social consideration can account for the invasion of Mongolia.

III

Fifty years ago Mongolia used to be called 'land of flowers' because the valleys were covered with a carpet of tiger lilies as high as a man's chest and with a carpet of anemones, crocuses, and other wild flowers taking advantage of the few weeks of spring when the thermometer was neither below zero nor above a hundred. But Mongolia is also a country of desolation. At the end of the enormous plateau and the bare, pebbly plains rise bluish, wrinkled mountains. The countryside is so barren that you can see a man on horseback as soon as the crown of his felt hat appears above the horizon. Often the bare hills undulate softly before they rise into the steepness of the Altai Mountains. Once you have crossed them, they add to your disappointment at having seen nothing but a limitless country without villages or any sign of life except hostile nature.

Apart from a few settlements, such as Urga, Uliassutaï, and Kobdo, there are no human habitations at all and no form of life except antelopes, wild horses, camels, and nomads, who never get tired of setting up and taking down their tents as they follow their grazing herds. Caravans advance across this country with the majesty of a heavily loaded vessel, and there are wolves, pestilences, and terrific winds that seem to proclaim the end of the world. The souls of Genghis Khan and his cavaliers sigh in the sand storms. Evil spirits and their precarious priestly masters rule with greater sovereignty than the princes. Above all else Mongolia is an overwhelming country.

This desolate immensity, four times as big as France, has become the prize which has inflamed many ambitions in Asia. Everyone has had a try at it. In the course of fluctuating dynasties China has been alternately vassal and sovereign. Finally, it claimed jurisdiction over the few remaining Mongols, and the shortsighted neighboring countries recognized the claim. Ataman Semenov and the legendary Baron Ungern von Sternberg then failed to establish a kingdom there with their straggling troops. The U. S. S. R. has wisely remained content to support with all its political power and all its money the independence that the northern Mongols have proclaimed. Finally, Manchukuo, the last-born of

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all the nations in the world, is playing the same game with Inner Mongolia that the Soviet Union is playing with the Soviet Mongol Republic, and the Manchu Mongol State that has been proclaimed may become the germ of a still larger empire.

Thus we find face to face in these bare countries two antagonists who hold our destinies in their hands. There are only two nations here—the Soviet Russians and the imperial Japanese. The U. S. S. R. has been wise in refusing to admit the independent Socialist Soviet Republic of Mongolia into the framework of the Soviet Union. This enables it either to intervene in defense of an oppressed nation or to withdraw behind the neutrality that it must observe toward a nation that China claims as its own property.

To tell the truth, prudence is the only sound principle here. The representative assembly of tribal chieftains, poor shepherds, and common people, put itself into the hands of the Soviets in 1924. The Council of People's Commissars and the National Revolutionary Party function as the federated republics of the Soviet Union function. The nobles have been driven out of public life and have seen their overpowering privileges abolished. The Young Mongols have more than fifteen thousand members, and they are real Comsomols. Even anti-religious propaganda has taken advantage of the decadence of reformed Lamaism, the corruption of the monks, and the jealousy that the poor lamas feel toward the rich monasteries.

Feudal and religious properties have been confiscated, collective farms created, and pastoral lands socialized. A Russian trading company, the Torgmong, has mobilized commerce and transportation. Mongolian students have been received in the educational and military schools of Moscow. Scientific missions have explored the country and taken an inventory of its possibilities. Teachers have been sent from Moscow, members of the 'Down with Illiteracy' society, professors of Marxist politics, engineers, and agricultural experts. Coming after the Chinese administration, they have done so much to transform mental attitudes and living conditions that it is easy to understand the gratitude of the inhabitants and their enthusiasm for Soviet socialism.

Above all, military advisers have arrived. The army is really Mongolian, but its fifty thousand men are staffed by Russian officers, armed with Russian guns and cannon, protected by Russian artillery and airplanes, all of which are Mongolized for the time being. Mongolian troops are manœuvring along the Siberian frontier, and railway cars and airplanes are concentrating here. If the Japanese general staff at Hailar is as accurately informed about military organization in Mongolia as I was, it should have no illusions as to what will happen in the event of a conflict here.

In the U. S. S. R. as in Nippon, everybody speaks of the war as of something unavoidable, the result of destiny rather than hatred. In Mongolia they go still further and prepare for it. In spite of the military demonstrations at Blagovieshchensk and Vladivostok, it is in Mongolia and not in far-eastern Siberia that the fire will break out. People take care not to mention the fact, but it is in Mongolia and for Mongolia, and not on the banks of the Amur, that a conflict

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will occur. This is the stake over which two adversaries will dispute, for it is the key to eastern Asia. Mongolia is also the connecting link between the Soviet armies in maritime Siberia and in Transbaikalia, which signifies something to the Japanese supreme command.

IV

To plumb the depths of the Japanese-Soviet antagonism we must focus our attention on one of the sorest spots in Asia. Will Manchukuo long remain the godchild of Japan?

Will the Chinese Manchukuans, contemptuous as ever of the time factor, absorb Japanese nationalism bit by bit in the true Chinese tradition? Will the new state, which to-day has a sovereign in the person of Henry Pu Yi, include some day the people of Manchuria, the Mongolians, and the northern Chinese as far as the Yangtze? Will the near future see a federated association of three peoples ruled by the new sovereign of Manchukuo, His Majesty Kang Teh, a man who might become the focal point of divergent racial tendencies? Will the Government at Hsinking prove to be the germ of an imperial Peiping restoration with Chiang Kai-shek in the rôle of General Monk?

Now let us turn to the one social gospel of Moscow, struggle against world capitalism, especially Anglo-Saxonism. The U. S. S. R. would not particularly care if imperialist Japan administered Manchukuo and even the coast and islands of China. An Asiatic Monroe Doctrine would serve Bolshevist projects, for it would aim at nothing less than the destruction of European influence in the Far East. For a long time Moscow has been directly interested in one thing only, the domination of central Asia. At one moment, before the proclamation of Manchukuo as an independent state, a sort of tacit accord seemed to govern the relations between the U. S. S. R. and Japan, limiting their respective activities.

One cannot deny—and at Moscow no one does—that the U. S. S. R., deprived of Poland and the Baltic states, freed from the Nordic domination of Saint Petersburg, is pursuing the conquest of Asiatic markets. Even if we do not believe that the Soviet Union has established a war industry five hundred kilometres away from the Altai Mountains of Mongolia, we may well assume that Moscow is far-sighted in the economic field. If, for the time being, Russian industry looks solely to the needs of the Russians themselves, within thirty or fifty years the market will have become saturated, and Greater Russia will possess a top-heavy industrial plant. And this is exactly the line of reasoning that the Japanese, who have a twenty-year head-start, are following to-day. There are about a billion Asiatics to clothe, feed, and equip. The conquest of Asia is perhaps nothing more than the search for a trade monopoly and exclusive relations between producer and consumer.

The industrial development of the Urals interests all manufacturing nations, even those that have only the vaguest conceptions of what Asia has to offer. It is sufficiently gigantic to cause a war, for the Russian merchants who carry the Muscovite gospel will inevitably clash with British, Japanese, and American cannon, ready to defend their national investments.

Biological reasons, such as a desire

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for access to the open sea and the instinctive migrations of peoples toward the south and toward more fertile regions, are even more profound. This law is strangely reinforced by the mania for grandeur that has seized Russia and that threatens to reign over Eurasia. By freeing the Oriental peoples from white domination, the Soviet Union pretends to be their protector and educator. To-morrow it will arm them for its own profit; the day after to-morrow, when its opponents have been set aside or destroyed, it will become Asia's central source of supply. But Japanese policy blocks the way of the U. S. S. R. Soon the thin strip of land known as Northern Soviet Mongolia will have become merely a protective border for central Siberia and will enter the Manchurian orbit.

V

It is not as disinterested spectators that we must consider the possibilities of conflict. Whether Russia or Japan triumphs will determine not only which European interests in Asia will be at stake but also, directly or indirectly, the destiny of Europe and the future of western civilization—that is, the civilization that extends from San Francisco across the Atlantic to the Russian-Polish frontier. Is the threatening war inevitable? Obviously, there are fanatics on both sides. Some anticipate the destruction of Japanese power, weighted down with the digestion of Manchuria, by a sudden attack, and by the rebellion of the yellow peoples who have not yet entered the Japanese orbit. Facing them, the Social Nationalists of Japan, hungry for continental domination, would like to take the U. S. S. R. unawares before improved means of communication have made it into a nation capable of fighting the Empire of the Rising Sun on equal footing.

Japanese military men claim not to fear a war with Russia alone, for they have the great advantage of fighting near their bases. The U. S. S. R., on the other hand, claims that with its airplanes, its cavalry, and its tanks, it would be victorious in a month. But it does not deny that for the time being it prefers peace.

As a matter of fact, in spite of intense preparation on the part of both countries, neither the U. S. S. R. nor Japan is capable of seriously going to war, I mean with a violence that could obtain definite results. It is certain that, if either one of the adversaries felt sure of victory, it would have tried to get the jump on the other.

In reality, war would be as disastrous to the U. S. S. R. as to Japan, for Russia has undertaken in all fields so great a constructive task that it needs thirty years of peace to accomplish it. And Japan, caught in the organization of Manchuria and its own reconstruction, will jump into war only as a man leaps in a parachute from a burning airplane. Whether Japan goes to war or remains at peace depends not so much on its own Government as on the attitude of the Great Powers.

If we try to see things as they are, we must admit that the fear that each opponent shows toward the other serves their domestic politics. What both countries dread is not a conflict with one opponent but with a coalition. Japan fears the intervention of the U. S. S. R. as a third party in a conflict against China or the United States, whereas Russia fears the combined forces of Germany and perhaps

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even Poland as Japan's allies. Although young officers in both countries would like to take the offensive, wiser men speak of reconciliation on the back of a common enemy. A Soviet-Japanese entente may not be on the cards, but many people predict parallel conduct on the part of these two violently anti-Saxon Governments. Has not Bukharin divided the world into three groups—'the imperialist world, the Soviet Union, and the Orient in rebellion'?

VI

In order to preserve the peace and destroy the yellow peril, must we drive the protagonists to mutual self-destruction? And would a far-eastern war accomplish that purpose? Without a simultaneous attack on the western front, the U. S. S. R. cannot be destroyed by an eastern defeat. Without a Russian-American coalition, Japan cannot be crushed by reverses, no matter how bloody they may be. Both sides would merely suffer a temporary setback, which would lead to chronic antagonism and insoluble trouble in Asia. On the other hand, the United States would be put at a disadvantage either by a Japanese victory or by a Soviet Union drunk with success, overflowing with industrial, and even political, activity. Nor can Europe expect anything from a war in which the victory of either belligerent would completely ruin European influence in the Far East.

In answer to the question asked above, 'Is war inevitable?' let us simply reply that two powerful peoples have a single goal but that their domestic situations are holding them back from open struggle. War is merely a possibility, a serious possibility, to be sure; it would become fatal only through the entry of world alliances.

In any case, we must admit that a new cycle of human activity involving the economic, political, and moral domination of one race by another is about to begin. To-morrow, Japan, which is threatened with asphyxiation, may break through the circle that the United States and Great Britain have built around it. Confined to its narrow islands, distended with industry and 'intelligence,' it threatens to burst like an overflowing reservoir. To-morrow, Japan may speak the word of command to the Asiatic peoples, who talk so much about taking group action that their words cannot always remain futile. And let no one imagine that China will be absent in this overflowing pan-Asiaticism. To-morrow, also, the U. S. S. R., unified and powerful, may take command of Asia, for it is not so much the westernization of the East that the Soviet Union desires as a rapprochement between the mother and her nearest descendants.

Let us not rejoice if we see Russia turning away from its western frontiers. From the Pacific to the Volga, from the Polar Seas to the Indian Ocean, people are educating themselves, arming themselves, and passionately hoping that the inscriptions that the cavaliers of Tamerlane left on the rocks of Hungary are still legible: 'To these places we shall return.'

Will their commander-in-chief be a Muscovite?

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A Berlin student has sent these pages from his diary to the *Neue Tage-Buch* of Paris, thus providing the outside world with a disturbing picture of the state of mind to which two years of Hitlerism have reduced his generation.

Pages *from a* DIARY

By A BERLIN STUDENT

Translated from the *Neue Tage-Buch*
Paris German-Émigré Weekly

[*'I am sending you a number of entries from my diary. It contains nothing unusual. Thousands of other young Germans have written just the kind of thing that lies before you now when they were by themselves in the evening, away from the Brown-clad daily life. But because it is so commonplace, because similar material lies concealed in thousands of dark corners, you may want to use it.'*]

A GREAT many people believe that some general or other will flick the whole National-Socialist business aside with a toothpick and that we shall forget this pestilential epoch immediately. Anyone who knows this Germany thoroughly knows how false, how stupid, how dangerous it is to believe any such thing. We feel the earth shaking, we feel that something terrific is happening among us. We cannot, do not understand it. We only suspect that the destiny of old Europe is being determined in the bleeding heart of Germany. Does that sad little man, Hitler, possess such great significance? Precisely because so puny a figure can wield such power over a great mature people, because this inconceivable thing has happened, because such vulgarity can rage here unchecked, we perceive that something died long ago inside and can be destroyed only from without. An epoch has passed away, and Hitler is merely the gravedigger. But he is that.

Nothing will remain after the Brown house of cards is upset. We have been drained so dry and have become so miserable that there is not even a dog who would have anything

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to do with us. Some brown-clad lout or other has kept turning the screw until nothing remains but lies. Everything else has been murdered and exterminated. Nothing of what existed before Hitler can return. Something entirely new must emerge, and many shudder at the prospect. We have nothing to lose and can only die. What else is there?

I had a friend—'had.' A. became a National Socialist yesterday between his third and eighth cigarette. That is the only way he can keep his place. Obviously. But he wants to talk to me in order to convince himself fully. 'We must go through with it. There will be no more elections. You must understand that. I have read the programme. My boy, Hitler is a real man. If Bolshevism comes first, everything is done for. You ask about atrocities? All those stories are false, my boy.'

Where shall I find the strength to breathe? To-day death has become the happiest fate in Germany.

And yet a few upstanding people remain and provide real consolation. A great many of the professors make no secret of their hostility to Hitler. Professor S. begged the students in his seminar not to expect to hear Hitler's words from his lips, and others followed his example. Professor D. spoke openly against hatred, referring to the campaign against the Jews. He said it was a disgrace how few foreigners come to our universities. He frankly laid all the blame on the new Germany. The big auditorium roared its applause. That is remarkable. When a man has the courage to speak out, everybody suddenly begins to express his real opinions, and all the students, whether they are dressed in brown or not, stamp their feet on the floor wildly.

I have seen many instances of this kind. Professor K. attacked the absurd doctrine that people of pure race are superior to people of mixed race. He said that Switzerland, where the races are very much mixed, has produced many more great men than racially pure Sweden. The class roared its delight.

An explosion occurred at a Sunday-evening seminar. The head of the seminar, an enthusiastic young ignoramus, categorically announced that the relativity theory of the Jew Einstein was not worth being taken seriously by Aryans or even being discussed. At this point the mathematician in the room began shuffling his feet on the floor. The head of the seminar ordered him to stop, but the noise continued until everybody joined the protest continuing throughout the hour. In the old days no young graduate student would ever have been put in charge of an advanced seminar of this kind.

I sat in the university cafeteria. A Schutz Staffel man was at my table. A girl student also sat down. After a little while the S. S. man smiled at the girl and said, 'Do you know that Professor D. did not give his lecture to-day?' The student answered, 'No.' A pause. Then the gentleman from the S. S. said, 'Perhaps we might drink a cup of coffee together in the Dorotheenstrasse?' The student answered, 'Tell me, you don't seem to know that I am a non-Aryan.' The S. S. man replied, 'Is that so? Well,

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you know that makes no difference. We have nothing against the individual.' The student turned red with anger and got up. 'I am a Jewess and hoped that you would refuse to go with me into a café, but if you don't, then I do. Good day.'

The S. S. gentleman pulled a copy of the *Völkischer Beobachter* out of his pocket and hid his head behind it.

Yesterday compulsory target practice. You pass through three stages until you become a 'master.' The rifle range is in a meadow, which we visit once a week at seven in the morning. The little wooden shack, crowded with students, has the same barracks atmosphere that exists among the Storm Troops. When the troop leader asks, 'Where have you learned to shoot?' several people reply, 'With the Reichswehr.' The whole affair gives the impression that war is expected to-morrow. A great many people, not only the Hitler youths but also their elders, take this for granted.

I saw Herr von Papen at a memorial parade. He had put on his pseudo-holy expression. He looks like a cat. Papen is unquestionably the most infamous intriguer in the Third Reich, and this is not an easy title to come by. I do not know a single Nazi who does not hate Papen. Ley, the leader of the Labor Front, is especially hated by the Storm Troopers, and the story is that his real name is Levy.

Any number of words are written and spoken in Hitler Germany. Words, words, words. One word only has not been and never is heard—the word 'man.'

To-day it was my privilege to see Herr Göring in person, the man who is the subject of more jokes than anybody else in the country, most of them originating among the Storm Troops. He rides down the Linden in an automobile, smiling condescendingly. He has the fat face of a butcher. His chest, which is round as a barrel, is covered with decorations. This is the normal type of leader in the Hitler Reich.

I have been seeing one of the first Party comrades. Hitler and Goebbels lived in the same pension with him in Berlin when they were comparatively unknown. He showed me several volumes of enthusiastic Hitler lyrics that he himself composed. He was one of the 150-per-cent Nazis. To-day, he is a Communist. Hitler's stepsons are now working for Moscow.

Another friend, H., has been in the Party since 1929. He was the first member of my class in school to go over. From 1929 to 1932 he was all for Hitler. When uniforms were forbidden in Prussia, he rode in a truck every Sunday afternoon to Mecklenburg for night exercises there. To-day he is as disillusioned as all the rest. There is nothing left for us but Communism, he says.

Most of the Nazis who carry their heads highest to-day did not start wearing their Brown shirts until after January 30, 1933, and they are the worst of the lot.

What have we young people got out of life so far? When we were two, four, or six years old, the War began. Hunger, turnips, standing in the

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freezing cold waiting for fifty grams of butter, and there was no warmth at home either. Then a battle was won, the school celebrated it, and then a letter came. Father had fallen. Then another battle was won, and with it the whole War, of course. And then the War was lost. From pillar to post. Away with the Kaiser. On with the Republic. On with inflation and away with the last little remnants of the middle class. Then the artificial prosperity, then the bureaucrats, then Hitler. What next? The elevator can not sink any lower. We have grown cold and do not have the least fear of death. On the contrary, what hope is there for us?

What German can say that he is innocent of Hitler's arrival in power? We are all guilty. We were all too weak. We have all deserved him. If we were better, we might be able to prove it by dispensing with him. Our fate will depend on how we do it. Europe is at fault, too. Europe also will be arraigned. Will it be found guilty?

L. and I went to the Grünewald. We had a lovely hour. Then we returned to the Grünewald station. It was almost dark. Suddenly, just in front of the station, we saw a long wide column of Storm Troopers. They came nearer and nearer. Strange. Then they passed us. Each one held a drawn revolver ready to shoot. They were going to the forest. This is an everyday affair under Hitler.

I never used to be able to hate, but now I have learned. I am often terrified by my own hate, but I am committed to it. We must all be cold as dogs' noses.

There is a rumor among the Storm Troops that, if Goebbels had been in Berlin when Hitler had Röhm murdered, Göring would also have done away with the Propaganda Minister, that knight of the rueful countenance. A nerve specialist who looks out for the high Nazis tells me that even Goebbels is very much disillusioned with the whole situation in Germany.

I have seen Hitler in person. The women cheered most of all. He seemed to pay no attention and disappeared without even acknowledging their applause. He really has the same face of a terrified child that you see in his pictures. Furthermore, he doesn't look healthy. His complexion is yellow, and his flesh flabby. His slenderness is a thing of the past. Would that he were also.

Yesterday I visited H. in his tinsmith's cellar. He used to be an engineer, who did my mathematics for me while I did his Latin for him. Now he sat in his cellar, a pale shadow of his former self. What happened? A week ago the police rooted him out of bed at half past four in the morning. I now discover that he was working for the Comintern. He thought he was doomed. But nobody knew what he was really up to, and he was searched for something that he did not have. The secret police questioned him, and he knew nothing. Then a great hulk of a man came in and hurled him against the wall once, twice, three times. This went on all morning until he became weak as a girl.

In the afternoon he was brought to the Columbiastrasse. Here he was thrown into a cell with a great many others, all political prisoners. He was

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made to wear the green uniform of Hugenberg's late-lamented National Front. Every hour in the night an airplane alarm was given. Everyone had to jump up instantly and roll under the plank beds. This happened every hour. Conversation was forbidden. Nobody was allowed to go out at night. In one corner lay Mahraun, former grandmaster of the Young German Order, sobbing, 'Mother,' like a little child. Two days later my friend was released. Nothing had been found against him. Two days' arrest and almost a corpse. What must the others be after months and years?

The Communists who are now active in Germany are real heroes. They have nothing to expect but arrest or death. Nevertheless, they work as never before, secretly distributing the *Rote Fahne* in the mailboxes and through the streets. They are forming groups again. They work in the factories.

Here is one case among many. An eighteen-year-old Communist was arrested. To add to his misfortunes he was also a Jew. His notebook showed that he had an engagement with a comrade the next morning at eleven o'clock. Two detectives brought him there in order to capture the other. To give any signal would be to threaten his friend with sure death. The captive was put in his place, and the two detectives stood idly behind him. Eleven o'clock. In the distance his comrade appeared. Whereupon the young Communist threw himself with raised fist under an automobile that was passing by. The other noticed that something must be wrong and vanished in the crowd. I know that this is true, and I know any number of equally incredible true stories.

Here Hitler has achieved a real success. In a short time and with a tremendous amount of work he has made Communism inevitable for Germany. All other parties have vanished long ago, and anyone who talks seriously about the Social-Democratic Party is greeted by nothing but a tired smile. Before Hitler the Communist Party was not worth much either, but the present Party has little in common with the old one. It now possesses an extraordinary power, a power that it does not wield concretely by the light of day but that exists secretly almost everywhere and that can be discovered whenever young people forgather or workers in the factories meet. It even appears in the publications of Hitler and other leaders. And I am acquainted with no small number of successful working Communists who used to belong to the Hitler guards.

Why don't I join the German Communist Party? I have many reasons. I am a cowardly dog.

Prices are rising. Wages are cruelly cut. These are Hitler's great successes. Potatoes have risen to one mark a hundredweight. This is not lost on the people. It eats at their vitals. Discontent is rising. Often and openly the question is asked, 'What will happen? What will come after Hitler?' Adolf is losing his last enthusiastic supporters, the young people, because under the new law anyone under twenty-five can be fired from his job. If revenge ever comes! 'There won't be enough lamp posts.'

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That is what you often hear from people in every walk of life.

If Germany were really Hitler Germany, then it would have to be relentlessly exterminated and uprooted. But that is not so. I know it from my own most holy conviction, from innumerable facts. The whole business is profoundly un-German. For instance, if the terrific campaign against the Jews had succeeded, not one of them would have been able to live in Germany. But what we actually find is that a considerable proportion of the population is now well-disposed to the Jews and trades at their shops by way of protest.

Streets where only the manure used to be brown are now filled with people dressed in this color, but you must enter the back door, talk to scholars in their homes, or visit the Storm Troop headquarters at midnight to discover the real opinion of the people. Besides, would we still be able to love Germany if it were really Hitler Germany? But we do love it and love it with an even greater passion, as children love their mother who has been sent to prison but who they know is innocent and who they feel is so very much their mother.

All eyes turn to the Saar. Yearning, starved people behind the bars expect salvation. The signal will come from there, the future spark.

Over this despairing Germany one word reigns supreme. It is the word 'war.' Some want war in order to win, some in order to lose. I have no fear of death. But die for Hitler? I would rather shoot myself.

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An English Sinclair Lewis and a Russian expressionist describe the Babbitts of Britain and the African wilds.

Contrasts *in* Literature

British Realism and Russian Romanticism

I. The Big Line Boys

By Bernard Brett

From the *Adelphi*, London Literary Monthly

HERE we are again, boys! All good friends and jolly good company.

Now that's what I like about the company dinner. It's a get-together evening of the highest quality. Jolly good feed, everything paid for, drinks and all, slap-up waiters, and the boss himself.

And no women!

'I can't say meet the wife, boys,' says the boss, 'because the wife is n't here. But I can say meet each other. Get acquainted! Meet your opposite number from Newcastle and Glasgow. You fellows from Glasgow meet the London boys. We're not such bad stuff in London, are we, boys?'

Hark to the cheering. The boys sure know how to lift a roof. And the waiters standing round like dumb-bells. They're not used to meeting a crowd like the boys, no Sir!

The boss bellows above the noise. 'Let me tell you a secret, one and all, boys. It's not the goods that sell themselves, it's the men that sell the goods!'

Phew! There's a crack!

That's right! Start it up! Two of the boys from Liverpool are up on their feet. 'For he's a jolly good fellow, he's a jolly good fellow, he's a jolly good fe-el-low, and so say all of us.'

Let's drink again.

'You're all jolly good fellows,' shouts the boss. 'And it's you who sell

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the goods. They tell you in the efficiency magazines that good lines sell themselves. Forget it! They're the same goods in Newcastle as in Bruddersford, but, if we happen to have a flat-foot in Bruddersford, the line does n't go. You get me?'

Do we get him? I'll say we do, and jolly good of him to hide the identity of the flat-foot behind Bruddersford.

'Yes, it's the man behind the goods. That's what we've found in the Big Line Company. Whatever it is,—brushes, vacuums, kitchen weigh machines,—that's the lesson. You boys have to sell the ladies, or the ladies don't even nibble. You have to have your selling points ready, you have to break down sales resistance.'

Hear, hear, and don't we know it!

'Some days it's against the collar, boys, but believe me, in the executive we're always on our toes to send out new talks and new lines. That's B.L.C. policy. Remember that we're an altogether firm, no masters, no men: all good fellows together. And, when a chump comes along and preaches politics, give him the B.L.C. to put in his pipe and smoke.'

Now the boss raises his glass and gives the toast: 'To the boys who sell the ladies.'

The boys who sell the ladies!

Listen to 'em now! The whole room is up with the refrain.

Who are we? Who are we?
We are the boys of the B.L.C.
Two bob down and months to pay,
Commission paid right on the day.

Maybe there's no poetry there, but it gets over. It shows we've got together, varsity spirit. And make no mistake—at this very dinner are public-school boys, varsity men, fellows back from India, and go-getters from the commercial travelers. The B.L.C. is democratic from top to bottom.

Well, believe me, before that night was over there was n't a man of us sober. That's generosity for you, that's the B.L.C., always in a big way. We gave London a surprise when we cheered the boss off in his Rolls after the dinner. The cops were struck dumb.

Well, when the cat's away the mice will play. We had n't come to London for nothing.

Manchester pulled his coat round him. 'I wonder how my dear wife's chest is,' he said sorrowfully, and already he had his eye on the finest bit of skirt in Piccadilly. You know the sort? Trust me, the Big Line boys know the ladies. Sure! We know the ladies and we know how to sell 'em. That's why we all fall for 'em when we go to London. Tables turned. He who pays the piper calls the tune. Choosers for a change.

Choosers for a change!

It went down well did that crack when I told it to the boys. It cheered Birmingham up. 'I'm in a jam,' he said. 'Can't afford it, and the wife's in the family way. She's wearing me out about it. We need this and that, she says, and God knows what besides.'

'You keep single,' he advised me. 'You're not worth two cents without it. There's skirts everywhere.'

'Lord, too, and don't they put on weight?' said another of the boys. He was the father of three.

'Fat as a pig of lard and much the same color,' said Birmingham. 'But London's O.K. for women,' he went on. 'Plenty of life and color. It's the finest city for women in England.'

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Well, there's no need to go through the night. What I wanted to relate was a comic incident about a month later. I cashed in as an inspector, and we went up to Birmingham, the boss and I, without a hint, you know. Things not too good there, if you understand.

Who did we meet on the doorstep of the station but Birmingham himself, hurrying along.

'Calls'll wait,' says the boss. 'Come and have a coffee and talk business.'

All serene, too. Birmingham stands up and fiddles with his tie and straightens his coat collar. 'Well, Sir, you must come and see my wife, Sir,' he says. 'Will it be convenient this evening, Sir?'

'We'll come along, Birmingham. What do you say?' he says, turning to me.

'Suits me, Sir,' I say. 'Suits me O.K., as they say over the pond. Sure Birmingham,' I say, 'I'd like to meet the wife.'

And we did. Nice little party and a loving couple. Family way, too. Rather gray about the gills, you know, and the house a shade moth-eaten.

Mrs. Birmingham had been eager to meet the boss. Heard a lot about him. Fine set, Sir, the Big Line Company men. Very pleased one of them is my husband, Sir. And so on.

'Sure, fine set of boys, the Big Line boys,' says the boss. 'We call ourselves the boys who sell the ladies. Is n't that so, Birmingham?' he asks.

'We're proud of it, Sir,' says Birmingham.

'Sure, Sir,' I say.

'What do you think of it?' he says to me when we get outside again. 'I don't like the look of things in the Birmingham household,' he says to me.

'No, Sir,' I say.

'Looking rather faded, don't you think, Birmingham? Too much worry and too many responsibilities. Not good for business in Brum. Not unless they can put a better front on it than that.'

'And the wife in the family way again, Sir,' I observe. 'Perhaps you noticed it, Sir.'

A week later the boss told Birmingham we did n't need him further.

'They'll both be like old-age pensioners in six months,' he says to me. 'Worn out! No sparkle! You can't have that sort of thing in business, you know.'

'No, Sir,' I say.

II. African Fantasy

By G. Gausner

Translated from the *Literaturnaia Gazeta*, Moscow Literary Paper

[*This fragment, which has several manuscript variants, all with different names, belongs to the second part of Gausner's projected novel,* The Metamorphosed. *The hero, a petty-bourgeois intellectual, seeks wholeness of life. In his search—being unable to find himself in the U. S. S. R.—he travels through many countries—France, Japan, Africa, and so forth. The novel was not intended to be an 'epic canvas' but was written in a lyric tone appropriate to its autobio-*

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graphical quality—autobiographical not in subject matter but in psychological experience. This fragment clearly reveals the main features of Gausner's writing—heightened expressionism of perception in closely-knit laconic sentences, visual brilliance, and, at the same time, the palette of a conscious experimentalist.—K. Z. *in the 'Literaturnaia Gazeta.'*]

HERE I am in Africa. I am very warm. I have to take off my Russian fur coat and throw it away. What is the first thing I see? A huge botanical garden. It is wonderfully wild. A hanging curtain of vines, and behind it my favorite honey liquor. I crawl out on all fours. A mass of tattooed clay cylinders appears—the dwellings of our Negro tribe. Vessel-shaped earthenware with light and clear lines. I walk among them smoothly—the invitation to the waltz. Brilliant colors are tattooed into the clay of our earthenware towers. The form of these dwellings is natural and lovely to behold. They look like inhabited crystals. Calm, vegetable, aimless perfection. They seem to have grown out of the earth.

I wander among them. I see a huge botanical garden. Here is a luxuriant herd of plants driven mad by too much sap. Close by me frolics a fat, jolly plant with well-fed leaves, which, I swear, it can clap like a seal. Opposite, a terrible raging bush waves a feather-like fan; a burgeoning peacock's tail that blooms during the day but folds up at night. All these little growths are planted against an array of trees. A thin creeping palm, embracing a eucalyptus tree, languidly lays its head on a bough. The little darling! It delights me to see her. A low, violent tree spreads its branches like lightning on a photograph. I walk slowly among unfamiliar plants, automatically looking for little Latin inscriptions at their roots. But I am in Africa. I am at the entrance to the tropical forest. What else do I notice? I notice the trembling and the rotting and the perfumed hotbed emanations. The plants are haloed with a rainbow. I, too, am haloed with a rainbow. My wearied nerves relax. I walk in botanical Africa and experience a feeling of sensitized unconcern.

Now I must go into the tropical forest and find the primitive settlements of the tribes. Among the Negroes I shall not engage in aimless art. But first I wander in the forest several days to forget everything in the world.

At the very entrance to the forest I throw away my Moscow suit and my underwear. I enter the thicket naked with nothing but my shoes on, to protect my feet. In front of me an African butterfly flutters heavily. Folding her wings, she rests on a bush, and the bush sways to one side. Then she darts up and down madly. She doesn't give a damn about anything. She is my first friend. Skipping, I follow her down the damp corridor of the thicket, two walls of interwoven trees firmly bound by vines. A bit of light drips down through the leafy ceiling into the penumbra. A gust of wind—and a whole bucketful of light cascades through the hole in the ceiling and floods a tree or a bush. The hot rays run in white, sandy channels. I crouch and follow their course to the end. I do not hurry. I want to feel myself even more deeply removed from everything. Bitterly gay I sing in a lusty voice, waving my hands. I sing in the language of the Negroes:—

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'Tumbo Tumbo Tumbo
Tumbo Lisbon'

A drumbeat resounding through the entire thicket repeats this challenging song. The thicket is my friend. I walk and often meet wild beasts along the road, but it does n't matter. The butterfly keeps whirling before me like a dog out for a walk. I call her. I shout to her: 'Tumbo!' I swear that she answers my call. Then I carefully pat her heavy wings so as not to disturb the pollen, and I even try to feed her from my hand. I am dead drunk with unconcern and sing as loudly as I can:—

'Tumbo Tumbo Tumbo
Madrid and Lisbon'

The butterfly and I continue on our way. An unbelievable tree thirty-five feet wide blocks my path. It 's insane. Its mad roots have dug into the ground, and its long wanton branches have also plunged to the depths of the earth. Afraid of getting lost I crawl on all fours through its chaos. I examine this phenomenon from within, but all I can see is the tapestry of maddened offspring and offshoots. While I am confusedly crawling about, it suddenly grows dark. I decide to spend the night. Pulling myself up by my arms I climb to a wide branch where I take my shoes off for the night and, tying the laces together, hang them from a twig. My tree has driven all vegetation away from its neighborhood but out of pity has given shelter to a small banana tree. The top of this tree is on a level with my bed. I sup calmly on bananas. Then I drink water from a palm leaf—I cut the leaf and the water runs into my hand.

Before falling asleep I think of the hard life my friends lead in Moscow. I pity them and make myself comfortable for the night. Slowly blue light suffuses everything. The African moon has risen. It is clear as day in the thicket. The air is warmed to a blue heat, and great blue sparks spray all the trees. I even hear an electric crackling. Green and lavender shadows cover the ground. I admire the rainbow shades of blue and fall asleep. My faithful butterfly is sleeping on the limb next to mine. We, too, are covered with sparks that make us glimmer. Then morning comes. We continue our wonderful walk. Thus I go forward for six days; I have had my fill of nature and solitude.

The time has come to settle permanently with the Negroes. Quickly I climb a big hill. I see what I need. Below lie wide, cultivated fields. A Negress has climbed a palm tree, gripping it with her knees and one outstretched hand. Many Negresses walk slowly among the brilliant banana groves. The one who is sitting on the palm tree ruthlessly hacks the fruit away, and it falls into a woven basket, which a naked girl is holding, with outspread arms.

The child crawling around under the palm tree also wants to catch the fruit. He extends his hands and laughs. But all the fruit falls into the basket, which the girl shakes so that the bananas may settle better. What a peaceful picture! Smoke from the hearths gently rises out of the plantation depths. I have seen etchings like these in mid-nineteenth-century travel books at the public library. And here everything is like those pictures. This is my goal. I am glad I am naked, like my guide. I never developed into a socialistic man. Well, what of it? I shall become a Negro and forget all about construction and unrest. The

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Negroes are my friends, and therefore I cheerfully call to the women: 'Greetings!'

They have all turned around, their mouths gaping. The woman on the palm tree falls flat on her back and drops her knife. All the women rush to the village in a howling mob. I run after them as fast as I can.

The women are running away from me. They have thrown the settlement into a state of confusion. The warriors meet me in closed fighting formation, carrying shields and spears. I show them by gestures that I am not a colonizer but a Soviet citizen—and that life has become very difficult at home. They don't trust me and would search me if I were not naked. Finally, the witch-doctor proclaims me to be insane, and on that basis the Negroes receive me in their midst. I establish myself in the chief's cabin.

Ex-Service

By SIEGFRIED SASSOON

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

DERISION from the dead
Mocks armamental madness . . .
Redeem (each Ruler said)
Mankind. Men died to do it.
And some with glorying gladness
Bore arms for earth and bled:
But most went glumly through it
Dumbly doomed to rue it.

The darkness of their dying
Grows one with war recorded,
Whose swindled ghosts are crying
From shell-holes in the past,
Our deeds with lies were lauded,
Our bones with wrongs rewarded . . .
Dream voices these—denying
Dud laurels to the last.

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BOOKS ABROAD

LES DESTINÉES SENTIMENTALES. *By Jacques Chardonne. Paris: Bernard Grasset. 1934.*

(Auguste Bailly in *Candide*, Paris)

JACQUES CHARDONNE'S new book, *Sentimental Destinies*, seems to me the largest and most powerful fresco that he has ever produced. We find here what we admired in his earlier novels, *L'Epithalame*, *Clare*, and *Eva*—those infinitely penetrating and sensitive psychological gifts that he possesses to an eminent degree. In *Sentimental Destinies*, Chardonne's art has become more ample, and, if I may use the expression in a sense that will be understood, more social. Whereas classicism detaches the characters that it studies from their surroundings or else preserves only a few traces of the background, Jacques Chardonne has profoundly integrated his characters with the human groups to which they belong.

M. Pommerel runs a cognac factory at Barbazac on the banks of the Charente. Robert Barnery has a crockery factory at Limoges. M. Pommerel marries a Barnery, and the two rich and powerful commercial dynasties find themselves allied. Barnery and Pommerel, two captains of industry, belong to a world that is coming to an end, that already came to an end at the beginning of the century when the story opens. Does their idealism, which contains such a large element of method and realism, bear traces of their faithfulness to the Protestant cult? I do not know. In both of them commercial probity amounts to mysticism; each in his own way consents to make products of only the most perfect quality. Competition, however, harasses them severely; practical wisdom advises them that it would perhaps be better to capitulate; but their consciences revolt against concessions that seem dishonorable; they would rather grow weaker and fail than deny an ideal for which they have lived.

Against this background we gradually see emerging with more and more clarity the two characters on whom all the light will presently concentrate—Pauline Pommerel, the niece of the industrialist, and Jean Barnery, Robert's nephew. Both of them are weighed down with a heavy burden of secret suffering. Lucien Pommerel, Pauline's father, leaves home and departs for Egypt with another woman after putting up for years with a woman who is unworthy of him: he dies far away without ever seeing his child again. At Barbazac people never mention Lucien Pommerel; only Pauline silently cherishes all her love for her father. As for Jean Barnery, who becomes a country clergyman out of his great pity for mankind, he fails tragically in his sentimental life. At the age of twenty-four, perhaps in obedience to a physical attraction that he does not understand but perhaps also because he hopes to bring happiness to a fellow creature, he marries Nathalie, the daughter of the cashier in the Barnery factory. He thinks he loves her, thinks he is loved, but these two souls cannot agree on anything. This little girl from Limoges finds her-

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self uprooted in Barbazac, where Jean has gone to exercise his ministry. Futile and extravagant, she compromises the church and her husband; because she is rich she wants to lead a brilliant life. She finds the rather grave obscure life of a parson's wife intolerable. Jean has to choose between his calling and his wife, and his conscience and vocation do not permit him to hesitate. They are not divorced, but separate. Such is the sentimental past of the two beings whom life now puts face to face and who are led to see each other almost every day at Pommerel's house.

Jacques Chardonne has traced Pauline's character with penetrating grace and tenderness. An infinitely delicate and subtle painter of women, he has discovered one of his purest models and arouses in the reader not merely an intellectual interest but a real sentimental desire that such a being should find happiness. Indeed, both deserve happiness, for any base or egotistical thought will always be foreign to them. Not only do they deserve happiness, but the bitterness and sorrows of their past lives permit them to welcome it, to understand it, to preserve it. For happiness, the real happiness that overwhelms a soul with its almost religious gravity, does not lie within the orbit of brilliant folk who never achieve more than joy. Nor is it to be confused with joy. It has a different essence. Whereas joy plays about the surface of things, happiness needs deep roots, which find nourishment only in suffering that has been accepted and meditated upon for a long time. Such, I believe, is Chardonne's idea.

True to his principles, believing that the way of greatest sacrifice is always the one that imposes itself upon a man in a moral dilemma, Jean Barnery, when he becomes aware of his love for Pauline, feels that he should not only stifle this unlawful emotion but should also summon his wife to his side and try to rebuild their broken life. Nathalie returns, and, after a little while, comes the irreparable break. A divorce, more serious than legal divorces, separates them forever.

Jean then makes the only decision that seems to him possible and desirable. He abandons his entire fortune to his wife; he obtains her consent for a divorce,—she never discusses what he wants,—and he gives up his pulpit and the ministry to satisfy all scrupulous consciences. After paying this price and making this vain effort, will he have the right to seek happiness? He does not think so, or at any rate he does not think so consciously. Pauline also has left. She now lives wretchedly in Paris on what she can earn. But perhaps she is less unhappy, for she guards within her the treasure of her love, and she has not had to break anything to receive it.

Jean finds her again in Paris. Forced to come to Paris to see a lawyer and occupy himself actively with his divorce, Jean cannot escape from the torments with which his sense of responsibility for Nathalie overwhelms him. He has no hatred, no rancor. The drama between these two characters is all the more poignant because neither has any grave reproach to bring against the other, and in the break created by the divorce he feels that he is odious because he is the one who is cutting himself loose, attacking, and doing murder.

The impression of defeat, remorse,

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and uselessness becomes so oppressive that Jean Barnery's health gives way, and he almost dies because he has lost the will to live. It is at this point that Pauline comes to him to help him fight and to save him. From then on, nothing can prevent them from uniting. There is a kind of fatality at the bottom of every love; he abandons himself to this fate. The future does not lie in this first instinctive or fortuitous impulse in which reason plays no part; it resides in what the couple will create when their flesh and spirit are joined. Pauline and Jean are going to work together building their happiness on their love.

It must be confessed that they find themselves in exceptionally favorable circumstances, at least for people of such high moral quality. They are assured of a modest ease that allows them to give all their time to occupations of their choice, so that, freed from daily cares, they establish themselves in Switzerland on the Lake of Geneva. They have few relations with the outer world and possess the most perfect joy that two human beings can ask for after having suffered for a long time—solitude together in calm and security. They soon have a son. It might almost be said that their happiness comes too easily on the outskirts of a life that usually imposes the most terrible constraints.

But now, inevitably, the law of servitude and duty that no living thing can escape asserts itself. Robert Barnery, the porcelain maker of Limoges, disappears. His successor cannot run the business; he has the soul of a bookkeeper in an industry that owed its grandeur to the spirituality of its leaders. Although not cut out for the work, only Jean Barnery, who has inherited a great deal of the company's stock, can keep the ancestral tradition alive. He must drop everything and depart.

The couple is now reintegrated in real life. How will they respond? What will they have to abandon? What will be able to save them? The war breaks out. Jean leaves for the front. All the upheavals in the world are about to be unloosed on this human pair. The continuation of this book will tell us what direction Jacques Chardonne has decided to follow.

VUE DE LA TERRE PROMISE. *By Georges Duhamel. Paris: Mercure de France. 1934.*

(From the *Journal de Genève*, Geneva)

GEORGES DUHAMEL'S last book —the magnificent work of a doctor who has come in contact with all kinds of suffering and especially with spiritual suffering—leaves the reader with an impression of silent disillusionment and unassuaged tenderness. The Pasquier family, whose story we have been following, is beginning to disintegrate. In the first two volumes, *Le Notaire du Havre* and *Le Jardin des bêtes sauvages*, it vegetated in mediocre surroundings, in which petty humility and poverty were ill concealed by the blustering father with the beautiful silky mustache. But this family existed as a whole, and it remained erect by virtue of a cohesive power that influenced all its unsuspecting members. There were a certain bourgeois poetry here and something of the warm comfort that childhood memories bring to a home.

But in this book the Pasquier family appears like a cast-off shell, for the

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people who used to dwell in it are seeking an independent life. All the children—Joseph, Ferdinand, Cécile, and little Laurent, who represents the author—become conscious of the rôle they must play in the outside world and understand that, in order to give the best that is in them, in order to live and create, they must cut the strings that bind them to the family. Is it because they have grown up? No doubt. Life is like that, and we must paint it as it is. But this book saddens us as does life itself when it turns aside or debases the aspirations by which we hoped to rise.

This novel depicts a slow effort at reconciliation with laws against which one's heart rebels. When Laurent has left his parents and taken a room on the top floor of a house on the rue du Sommerard, he writes to his friend Justin: 'It's all over. I am separated from them, separated for good. There is only one more thing for me to do now—cure myself of them completely.'

And, later in the book: 'I see that I know nothing, that I knew nothing and understood nothing. I knew only them, and they shut out the horizon, blocked the way to the sky, the heart, and all the roads to life. Now that's all over. I can't quite believe it, but I know that it is better so. The idea that I shall see them no more, carry them no more—"carry" is the right word—makes me begin to love them more.' Do you feel how powerful the need to love them remains since Laurent Pasquier in justifying his departure gives precedence to the painfully true fact that he loves them after having left them?

At the opening of the third volume of the *Chronique des Pasquiers* the father has received his doctor's diploma and the aunt's legacy. The family has moved to Crétail where it lives in better circumstances but is no happier. The happiness that one sees from afar turns into a dust-cloud of petty annoyances when one draws near. Reality spoils everything it touches—especially our hopes.

In Sight of the Promised Land is a sad book, the book of a man who is struggling not to become the victim of his spontaneous kindness and his love for people and things. I don't know how M. Duhamel will continue this admirable and genuine story of a Parisian family, but we can already draw this deeply moving idea from it—the people we love can no more satisfy us completely than we can satisfy them, and our love, of which they are the image rather than the reality, exists outside them. We love them not as they are, and we feel ourselves to be different from what we really are. And this is the best reason for man to believe in another reality than the one he perceives through his senses—the reality he knows in his heart, which has no counterpart in the outside world. And, unless I am much mistaken, it is toward this promised land that M. Duhamel is leading us with firm hand and unfaltering step.

PIÈCES SUR L'ART. *By Paul Valéry. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 1934.*

(Claude Roger-Marx in the *Europe Nouvelle*)

THOUGH the author tells us that these prefaces to art exhibits, books, and lectures were written as assignments that had to be completed on short notice, their density and perfection form a striking contrast to most similar undertakings.

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Valéry seizes the slightest pretext to leap from the particular to the general. Whether he discusses ceramics, prints, pictures, embroidery, or concert halls, he embraces the creator's point of view and the point of view of the person who is to enjoy the creation; he rushes with unbelievable speed along the road that leads from matter to mind or from mind to matter; he retraces with wonderful clarity and inclusiveness the function and enjoyment of art. He imagines a potter 'consumed' with impatience as he awaits the surprises that the fire holds in store; he compares a stone that has settled in the mould to our earth; he shares the engraver's 'patient impatience'—has n't Valéry himself done engravings for some of his poems?—he visualizes the reader 'consuming and destroying' a piece of writing in order to transform it into a spiritual event.

'In all the arts—and that is what makes them arts—the sense of inevitability that a happily executed work should suggest can be engendered only by a despotic will.' Such thoughts abound in this book, in which portraits of Corot, Manet, and Berthe Morisot occupy an important place. And one is amazed by so many general ideas easily approached, by so many problems stated and solved in a few lines, by such a variety of points of view, by so much youth, pride, and modesty.

Since ideas are nothing more than an exercise to Valéry, he takes delight here in exploring the depths—a method that is often ignored by those critics who prefer to build pontifical structures or spread out over the surface of things. Since he does not take himself seriously, he makes his abstractions concrete and amusing, and, when he raises the debate to a higher level, he does so with an apology on his lips: 'Please forgive this bit of metaphysics—that is to say, of fantasy.'

Whether he sees a collection of ceramics as objects 'accidentally preserved,' whether he makes a museum into a place of 'organized disorder,' whether he shows the orchestra playing *with* us rather than *for* us and the painter painting nothing but himself, the poet—with the most natural subtlety—abandons himself to a play on words that is primarily a play on thoughts and multiplies what I shall call, in imitation of the poet, the 'halfway depths.'

In his lecture 'About Corot' Valéry distinguishes between prime facility, which is the awakening of the creative instinct, and another sort of facility, which he defines as 'the feeling of having conquered liberty and simplicity, which permit the mind the greatest freedom in its play between the senses and ideas. No contrast exists any longer between intentions and means, between basic concepts and form-determining actions.' It is this facility that one admires in *Short Essays on Art*, in which the poet, having attained maturity through uninterrupted thinking, has gained—to quote him once more—'the right to improvise.'

THE SERIAL UNIVERSE. *By J. W. Dunne. London: Faber and Faber. 1934.*

(Gerald Heard in the *Sunday Times*, London)

IN PRE-NAZI days in Germany there used to be a popular print. It showed one of the great German

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philosophers walking along the main street of his home town with his manuscript under his arm, on the way to the printers. He keeps close to the wall because down the street's centre dashes that dreaded black traveling carriage inside which can be seen Napoleon, Europe's tyrant, rushing from one battlefield to another.

That romantic and probably apocalyptic picture comes back into one's mind on reading Mr. Dunne's latest book. Keats, on looking into Chapman's Homer, could feel that he was looking at a new ocean of imagination. On reading Mr. Dunne's books anyone, mathematician, moralist, psychologist, or politician, must realize that he is looking not at a new world of imagination—indeed, it is unimaginable—but, if it is true, a world more real than that one of common sense, which up till now we have called reality. Malebranche, the philosopher, is said to have remarked when he looked down that new instrument, the microscope, for the first time, 'This is an end of size.' Reading Mr. Dunne one must feel that here is an end of time as we have thought of it.

As nearly everyone knows, Mr. Dunne published in 1927 a book called *An Experiment with Time*, an odd title for an odd story. He told with great lucidity the story of some experiences he had had in prevision; how he had found that he dreamed quite frequently of the future and how he had taught a number of his friends to recall their dreams, with the result that they, too, found that they had previsionary dreams. Not content with that, being a mathematician, he went on and made a theory to make what was obviously impossible to common sense agreeable to advanced science. Mathematicians do not seem wholly agreed that his theory does fit in with the multidimensional universe that physicists now accept, but quite a number of people who spoiled their sleep by recording their dreams have confirmed the fact he stated—that queer, confused, but unmistakable evidence of the future does come to many people in sleep.

Since then the number of such cases has increased, and other studies have been made of prevision. It still seems doubtful whether anyone can, in a fortnight, by noting their dreams, obtain evidence that some faculty in them foresees the future. But the evidence does grow that some people have this faculty. And the resistance to the evidence on a priori grounds weakens. The multidimensional conception that space and time are really two aspects of one continuum has sunk into the layman's mind. The fourth dimension has ceased to be a joke and become a very awkward possibility.

Now Mr. Dunne comes forward again with a really amazing simplicity of style and diagram and tries to make it possible for the ordinary man to grasp what sort of universe he actually lives in. In his theory of serial time it is possible to make prevision quite natural, to demonstrate the soul and deity.

Surely such a cosmology will have an immense welcome. Yet doubts arise. It is not that mathematicians may challenge the mathematical reconciliation of the previsionary evidence with the multidimensional universe. If the evidence of prevision stands, it seems a natural symptom of such a universe and the fitting in of the evidence with the theory a ques-

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tion for technicians. If you do foresee the future, then time cannot be what common sense assumed it to be—an assumption that no mathematician, whatever he thinks of serialism, would defend.

There can, then, be no doubt that something of immense importance is coming to light, but doubt grows when we try to speculate as to what on earth man is going to do with this discovery. Here is our world up to its neck in its New Deals, Five-year Plans, reawakening armament races, its determination to shape and carve the future as no other age has cut and constructed, regardless of anything but hard materialistic fact. Suddenly all the projected lines of these hard futures begin to waver and to melt. It is really too much. One thing is clear. If we are going to achieve the power of seeing the future, then that is the end of an epoch, the end of all materialistic progress.

Maybe we are about to pass a frontier of human knowledge so that those on the other side of it will look back on us as creatures so limited by their ignorance, so restricted by their fundamental illusion about time, so confined to gross and clumsy material ends that, beside their enlightened selves, there will seem little to choose between us and animals.

But, if that is the point we have reached, the gap that opens is so great that we can have no more idea what life will be like on the other side of it than we can imagine what life after death can be like, however much we may realize that it exists. All we can know is that it is 'good-by to all this.'

That, I think, is why this idea at present is making so little impression. Indeed, one may perhaps go further and speculate that, as soon as it does begin to make a difference and people begin to realize what it means, governments may begin to act. It has often been speculated whether governments will ever again persecute opinions that are not political, as once theories of the universe such as Manichæism were persecuted out of existence. Here, maybe, lies a test case. Should serialism, or any other system of spying and making a new use of the future, catch on, we may see the great economic-fixated states, unable to change, fighting for their lives and making it a capital offense for people to have knowledge of other dimensions. The possession of *The Serial Universe* or *An Experiment with Time* may become a grave crime.

Such speculation may seem groundless, but if these books stand for anything, are true at all, they mean so much that the outlook of every human being can be changed, and governments cannot disregard that.

DIE SCHAUKEL. *By Annette Kolb. Berlin: S. Fischer Verlag. 1934.*

(From the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Frankfurt)

NOT only does the action of this novel take place in Munich; Munich also figures as a character, if not as the actual hero. It might be described as the protagonist in the background although it sometimes comes brilliantly to the fore. It is the pre-1914 Munich, the old Munich that exists no more. But it is not a Munich of old people with gray hair. On the contrary, it is burgeoning with young life, and this youthful generation might also be called the hero of the book.

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They are about twenty years old, some more, some less, and they are gay, beautiful, original, promising, and hopeful young people, who will later, of course, meet many disappointments, even death itself, which is so often the portion of the noblest life. The young people include the three daughters and son of a family that lives near the Glaspalast and their friends. All four of them are fascinated by the unearthly charm that emanates from house number seven on the winding street—what was its name? The grand old lady of this house sits in her old-fashioned room, making black and white pictures into watercolors. There she holds court, putting down her brush and holding out her hand to be kissed when a visitor enters.

House number seven certainly did not look like a 'swing'—the word that gives the book its title—as it received guests with firm simplicity. Nor did the classically laid-out city of Munich look like a swing, either. But all of us who knew those young students and artists of Munich know in what a happy and unhappy, in what a dangerous and beguiling way the city did suggest a swing. For did not Munich, its people and its spirit, gravitate from one pole to the other at bewildering speed in spite of all its religious and bourgeois stolidity, in spite of its reverence for the old order?

It is impossible to reproduce the content of this novel here. The setting and the performance, the scenes and the tragi-comedy derive their life from an atmosphere that cannot be captured in small fragments but must be relished as a whole. This is the atmosphere of the city and of its poetess. It is the real story. How can it be 'reported'?

About all that can be said is that here is a woman writer expressing her homesickness for the period and surroundings of her youth. Every line of this novel is permeated by a sense of melancholy, by the sharp, lovely anguish of the '*recherche du temps perdu.*' Not infrequently, indeed most of the time, this book is utterly charming, although it always becomes hard when it ventures into the province of grief and regret for the home. The beautiful city glimmers, the Tegernsee is a noble spectacle in its summer-time magnificence, and all the surrounding world is a kind of Baden-Baden. The Isar becomes a mighty stream, the Bavarian mountains greet the clever, pretty, amusing Munich girls and their rather lazy, elegant brother with sunshine and thunderstorms.

All in all, this is the wisest book its author has yet written, and even her severest critics cannot deny that her stature has steadily increased throughout her career. Here she has achieved literary mastery and distinction in addition to the charm that has always been hers. The poetic quality of this book makes its subject matter more intimate than reality itself.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

The Paris Theatre

'THE Paris theatre is at a standstill,' they say—which is a misleading statement, for it implies that French managers and producers, in a sudden burst of honesty, have admitted their bankruptcy and closed shop. But a visitor to Paris will still find the sidewalk cylinders plastered with theatrical advertisements; he will see the all too familiar sight of queues standing in front of a box office ostentatiously marked '10 francs' and shouting '*Pour 6 francs! Pour 6 francs!*' But the box office is adamant; no bargaining here! The police come, and the angry Parisians either pay 10 francs or go on their way, cursing the theatre, and the managers, and the international bankers, cause of all their misfortunes.

No, the Paris theatre is not at a standstill. Unable to follow the mad rush of contemporary history, it has deliberately turned backward to a past when problems were noble and solutions clear. Pitoëff announces a revival of Ibsen's *Wild Duck;* Gautillon's *Cyclone,* a curiosity of the postwar period (1923), is seen once more; Alphonse Daudet's *Sapho* (1884) draws a public. The Théâtre de l'Odéon has revived a comedy by Verneuil; the Théâtre Michel has revived another comedy; the Théâtre de la Michodière has revived *Les Vignes du Seigneur.* The Comédie Française has produced Paul Claudel's *L'Otage,* a religious drama in verse that was written in 1910 and the scene of which is laid in the Napoleonic period. Needless to say, the 'best' papers have indulged in an orgy of praise.

The best play to be seen in Paris in this year of grace 1935 was written by a gentleman called Shakespeare. Two of the ablest producers have not hesitated to present two different versions of *As You Like It* at the same time. At the Atelier Jacques Copeau uses Jules Delacre's translation, which emphasizes the comic element, with Jacques, the melancholy philosopher, as central character. The repartee retains some of the original brilliance; the movement of the lines, particularly in the comic scenes, is swift. The production exemplifies Copeau's showmanship at its best.

Barnowski, the exiled German producer, has chosen a translation by the poet Supervielle and consequently the performance centres upon Rosalind, played by the inimitable Annabella. Here the comic element is neglected in favor of the romantic, which is further emphasized by Balthus's fairy-like settings. It seems too bad that Copeau and Barnowski could not be induced to coöperate and perhaps create a French *As You Like It* comparable to the Stratford Players' English version.

It is only fair to say that the Parisian playgoer may still see a few new plays if he is not too particular. According to Lucien Dubech, weather-beaten critic for *Candide,* one of the most interesting plays is Salacrou's *Une femme libre,* whose liberty consists in running away with her fiancé's brother, who means to rescue her from stifling, small-town existence. To save their love from the fate of all things mortal the girl soon leaves the man she has eloped with. The last act shows the two brothers living together in the country, both dreaming of the same woman. When the girl returns, her former lover throws her out of the house and her exfiancé reviles his brother. Even the hardened M. Dubech is amazed by this play: 'Strange fellow, that Salacrou,' he says, 'he may give us a toothache, but at least he does n't put us to sleep.' What touching humility on the part of the critic to thank the playwright for not doing what so many of his colleagues so superbly do—putting the audience to sleep. Because M.

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Salacrou's *bizarrerie* has anti-soporific qualities all his sins are forgiven. And this is typical of the best among the 'new' plays, which, though written to-day, still flirt with a hazy past because they are unable to make a definite statement about the life and the people of their own times.

Post-Scriptum

THE preceding note on the French theatre had no sooner gone to press than we received 'information to the contrary,' which would seem to indicate that not all the plays in Paris are either fiddle-dee-dee or remembrances of things past. Of course, Drieu la Rochelle's *Le Chef* takes place in an imaginary Macedonian Republic, but the time—unspecified—could be only our own unfortunate era.

When the curtain rises the Republic is involved in a tedious war with some neighboring country. The first scene takes place at the headquarters of the Idiots' Brigade, which specializes in dangerous encounters under the leadership of the beloved, respected, and greatly feared Jean. Around him we see his collaborators, representing the different types that one finds in the foreground at a time of political unrest—Michel, the idealist, in love with justice, generous, enthusiastic, but unable to realize the ideal that he feels so passionately and consequently clinging to Jean, the man of action; Léon, the powerful brute, unflinching, cruel, 'the handyman of every revolution'; Christophe, the melancholy spy; Alexandre, the adolescent, who embodies the claims and the enthusiasm of youth; and, lastly, Georges, the clever bankers' representative, lurking in the shadows while the struggle goes forward and emerging at the propitious moment to organize and reap the profit.

The story of the Idiots' Brigade—as Édouard Bourdet points out in *Marianne*—is the story of the men who went to the trenches in the last War and dreamed of grandeur to forget the intolerable misery that surrounded them. After the War come years of idleness and futility until one day the Revolution breaks out, at the end of which Jean, the leader, becomes the dictator.

At this point Michel's love of liberty awakes, and he induces the young Alexandre to join in a plot to kill the leader who betrayed their ideal of the revolution. But 'those who make great men cannot assassinate them.' The plot ends in a fiasco, and those who remain faithful to the leader kill the two plotters. But before he dies Michel cries out his scorn for the feminine mob that needs a master: 'Man is not made to worship man. These are all legends. But the time of legends has returned—in Moscow, Rome, Berlin . . . I give my life that liberty may flourish again!'

With these words he dies.

'Carry off the last republican,' Jean commands.

'He was right yesterday,' one of the men says, 'and he may be right to-morrow.'

'But I am right to-day,' Jean retorts. And the curtain falls.

Curiously enough, *Le Chef* ran less than a week in Paris, so that any review is bound to be a post-mortem. Why it should have met such a harsh fate is open to surmise. Maurice Martin du Gard of the *Nouvelles Littéraires* criticizes Pitoëff's production for failing to capture the potential glamour of the situation and even clothing its revolutionists in black. Mme Pitoëff, cast in the conventional rôle of the woman whose good graces, impartially extended to all the members of the general staff, keep the revolution going smoothly, is remarkably unconvincing, and we should be inclined to say that Drieu la Rochelle must take the blame for having written a part completely extraneous to the development of the play and, in itself, remarkably dull.

Furthermore, the Parisian spectator does not want to see plays about revolutions. Historical dramas about past disturbances are the exception to this rule, but revolutions of the variety described

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in *Le Chef* are 'too much with us,' as the poet says. What the public wants is heart-easing pseudo-realism—a realistic presentation of problems, preferably sex problems, the complexity of which will make the man in the tenth row feel that his own difficulties are perhaps not insoluble.

Édouard Bourdet suggests as a possible explanation of *Le Chef's* short run the public's desire for a definite clear-cut solution rather than a many-sided presentation of the problem. Though Michel as well as Jean is Drieu la Rochelle's spokesman, the author leaves us no doubt as to who must triumph. Perhaps, some day, Michel will return, but the victory of to-day lies with Jean, who says: 'We do not know what we shall do, but we shall do something. And we'll know who we are when we see what we have done.' And, later in the play: 'We are the men of to-day, and we are alone. We believe in nothing. We have faith neither in Jesus Christ nor in Karl Marx. We believe only in the blood that runs through our veins!'

Though the word Fascism is not spoken, what could be more clear-cut than this? There are elements of anarchism, a dash of romanticism, idealism, and any number of other isms, but these are merely the painted veils with which the author's imagination clothes the spectre. For who would presume to let Fascism walk the boards unclothed when, even veiled, none will look at her more than five days?

The Unacademic Academy

LÉON DAUDET has attempted to explain and justify the Académie Goncourt; to tell the public that every book received is read—at least ten pages of it; that, in spite of occasional differences, the Academy functions as a harmonious whole, whose chief purpose is to recognize talent and originality 'regardless of political and social considerations.'

Indeed, M. Daudet is so anxious to elevate literature and the Academy that feeds on it above the plane of everyday life that he makes the startling statement that French prose has changed but little in the past thirty years and that the War in particular scarcely touched the novel except as an 'accessory episode.' Obviously, he discounts such writers as Louis Aragon and Henri Barbusse; in fact, with his usual impartiality, he seems to discount the entire post-war school. But it is hard to see how Céline's *Voyage au bout de la nuit* could have been written before the Late Unpleasantness, and it is even more difficult to understand M. Daudet's interpretation of that novel when we consider that he so vigorously championed it for the Prix Goncourt of 1932—which, by the way, went to Mazeline's *Les Loups* that year. Of course, there are men like Paul Bourget and Marcel Prévost who wrote before the War and who continued in much the same vein after the Armistice, but they are not the 'post-war writers.' To say that the War 'scarcely touched' the contemporary novel is like saying that the Revolution of 1789 made no impression on the Romanticists.

One of M. Daudet's favorite literary ideas is the absolute freedom of the writer—the pen must run where the fancy leads it. In the field of politics, however, M. Daudet favors the restoration of the monarchy. Consequently, he does not miss this opportunity of killing two birds with one stone by pointing out that these two ideas are compatible. The monarchy, he reminds us, protected 'those three sublimely disrespectful writers'—Rabelais, Montaigne, and Molière. But let us bear in mind that, though these men were critics and satirists, they never presumed to attack the Crown or to offer a definite programme of political revolution. Furthermore, the monarchy was then strong enough to patronize its potential enemies if they were men of genius. We wonder whether the anæmic monarchy that M. Daudet would establish could afford this supreme luxury and whether the Académie Goncourt Royale—to get back to

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the original theme—would still disregard 'political and social considerations.'

A Poet Is Dead

ONE of the last Montmartre poets has died, and probably no one would even have noticed it if there had n't been a fight over his dead body. For the late Maurice Liarsou hated the worms. He had read Villon, his spiritual ancestor, and was thoroughly imbued with a religious horror of all things that crawl. But maybe Villon is not wholly to blame; Liarsou was a monk before he became a poet and taught spelling and arithmetic to the children of the parish school. At any rate, when he lay on the point of death in the Lariboisière Hospital, he said: 'I leave my body to the Medical School and my heart to Montmartre.'

When the time came to carry Liarsou to the rue de l'École de Médecine, his friends protested. Was the last Montmartre poet to die unburied? Celebrations are few these days on the Butte du Sacré-Cœur, and the poet's friends would n't let so important an occasion slip by unnoticed. They complained to the civil authorities and spent Monday morning going from one official to the other. Fifteen minutes before the zero hour a high official of the Assistance Publique announced: 'The obsequies are adjourned. The poet's body will be placed in cold storage. The contestants will appear before the judge of the Tenth Precinct.'

That night Charles d'Avray, the popular singer, pleaded with the dead poet's friends, who finally consented to let Liarsou's will be done. His body was borne to the Medical School, but we do not know what was done with his heart.

For many years Liarsou, the *poète à la plume*, was a familiar figure on the Place du Tertre where he sold his poetry. Dressed in a velvet cape and a huge felt hat with an ostrich plume, he accosted out-of-town and foreign tourists and offered his wares. 'Go on, take it, I'm giving it to you free.' And, when the victim accepted, he stretched forth his hand: 'Don't forget the poet, please . . .' Sometimes an Englishman or an American, unfamiliar with the subtleties of the French language, replied: 'Indeed, I shall not forget you, Sir,' and strolled off with the poem in his pocket. But every trade has its slack periods, and Liarsou expected such misadventures just as a fruitdealer expects a few rotten oranges in every box.

Acrostics were his specialty. Writing in the *Lumière*, Louis Perceau describes Liarsou offering to perform for a gay company of young men and women. The first one called for a poem in which the first letters of each line would spell Angèle, and the acrostic was quickly done. But, when the second was called Angèle, and the third, and the fourth, the *poète à la plume* rose to the occasion, was covered with glory, and had his pockets filled for many a day thereafter.

In honor of a lady called Régine he fashioned an acrostic, the last two lines of which we quote:—

'N'es-tu pas la Reine des Astres,
Et moi . . . la mite des cadastres?'

The lady probably had to hunt in the dictionary for the meaning of '*cadastre*,' but it gave a full, rich rhyme, and that's the main thing in an acrostic.

We remember meeting Liarsou a few years ago. It was early in the morning, and Liarsou lay asleep under a tree in the Place du Tertre. Someone who knew him tried to wake him up: 'Come on, Liarsou, it's four o'clock of a May morning, and we want a poem!' Liarsou looked up at us and smiled wearily: 'I've got thirty francs in my pocket that I made last night. Why should I bother with such tripe as you?' Liarsou was a philosopher.

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THE SCIENCES AND SOCIETY

THE SPANISH conquerors may have found South America an El Dorado, to their own lasting sorrow; to-day we are beginning to learn that such wealth as this great continent possesses is no longer a subject for the enthusiast to describe in glowing terms but for the economist and technologist to appraise with a cool—and frequently chilling—realism.

How many Americans of the North realize, for example, that there is no iron industry of importance in South America; that this region supplies only one per cent of the world's output of coal; that only two of the principal steel-alloy metals—manganese and vanadium—occur in deposits of economic significance south of the Isthmus; that the reputed water-power possibilities of Brazil are severely neutralized by an excessive rainfall, which necessitates very costly investments in dams and reservoirs? And—a fact of dramatic import in a world increasingly dependent upon mechanical energy—contrast a total daily output of work in the United States of over 1,600 million horsepower hours with an average daily total for four South American countries (Chile, Argentina, Peru, and Brazil) of just under 14 million horsepower hours. Whereas the United States has a daily work capacity of 13.38 horsepower hours for every man, woman, and child, the four chief South American countries perform their daily work at the snail's rate of 1.22 horsepower hours per inhabitant.

These are only a few of the startling facts and figures set forth in one of the most important volumes on the technical aspects of modern society published in recent years. *Ores and Industry in South America* is the title of this latest publication, issued by Harper and Brothers under the auspices of the Council on Foreign Relations, and it merits the closest attention of all who wish to know at first hand the complex economic factors that so profoundly influence political developments throughout the world.

THE AUTHORS of this volume, H. Foster Bain and Thomas Thornton Read, know their job. The former, one-time director of the U. S. Bureau of Mines, has written—also for the Council on Foreign Relations—a similar volume on the Far East, which has become indispensable; the latter, now Vinton Professor of Mining Engineering at Columbia University, has an exceptionally clear understanding of what he has called (in a most readable book of the same title) *Our Mineral Civilization*. What is particularly notable about this monograph is that, in addition to a general description and forecast of the situation in South America, there are separate chapters dealing with each of the republics as a unit and an extremely useful account of the ownership of the mines in the region.

Bolivia, storm centre of the dreary Chaco War, has a population predominantly Indian, with an average density of from 10 to 30 per square mile. Of her exports, minerals furnished 96 per cent, tin alone representing 75 per cent. In the past, gold and silver from the famous Potosí mines were Bolivia's chief contribution to the world; to-day the great Patiño Mines and Enterprises, capitalized (under the laws of Delaware!) at $50,000,000, virtually monopolizes the tin industry of the country although other producing companies compete vigorously. As there are no smelters in Bolivia, the tin 'concentrates' are sent abroad, principally to England, for finishing: all the Patiño product goes to the firm of Williams Harvey & Co. at Liverpool.

Why? Because Williams Harvey is owned by the General Tin Industries—which is a subsidiary of Patiño. As for oil, some idea of what lies behind the Chaco War may be obtained from this fact

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mentioned by the authors: Standard Oil (New Jersey) owns the Levering oil concession, which, among other things, includes a 30-mile right of way for a pipe line across the Chaco. Without such a pipe line the oil cannot be profitably transported; with it, competition with British and Dutch oil interests would disturb the line-up in that 'Secret War' so dramatically pictured by F. C. Hanighen in his recent book.

THE LANGUAGE of science—its syntax, special terminology, and general structure—by its very nature should be the last in which the vices of ambiguity, confusion, and what Quiller-Couch caustically satirized as 'jargon' could appear, let alone flourish. The facts of science are difficult enough without compelling not only the serious layman but also the trained expert to struggle with a luxuriant, parasitic growth of bombastic phraseology, inflated beyond all need by a turgid gas of special terms, each more clumsy than the last and many with a noisy retinue of 'variants,' 'synonyms,' 'improvements,' and the like. In a recent article on 'The Internationalization of Scientific Terms,' published in *Progress and the Scientific Worker*, Dr. C. K. Ogden, that indefatigable champion of 'Basic English,' thus summarizes the feeling of many literate people whose lively interest in science is hopelessly dashed by the linguistic pomposities of the scientist:—

'It is a curious paradox that science, which for three centuries has waged an unremitting war upon superstition, seems to-day in danger of letting its enemy in by the back door. The tendency of certain modern scientists to veil their utterances in verbose jargon not only invests science, in the eyes of a worshiping public, with something dangerously akin to the quality of a mystery religion but makes for the entanglement of its practitioners themselves in unfruitful forms of verbalism.'

Continuing, Dr. Ogden pleads the case for an international language—specifically, the 850-word Basic that has been making considerable progress in the past few years—among scientists. He calls attention to the fact that already 'Basic can claim the whole of mathematics, a complete system of chemical formulæ, all the classificatory nomenclature used in entomology and petrology, the names of minerals, crystals, and stratigraphical divisions of geology, the greater part of paleontology, and so on.' But serious deficiencies in similar standardization still exist in the fields of technology, engineering, and medicine, where full internationalization is most gravely needed. To illustrate the possibilities of Basic English in the field of science, Dr. Ogden refers to an article on 'X-Rays as the Servant of Science,' written in this language. Of a total of 1,200 words 27 were agreed-upon international terms, and only three terms not existing in Basic were required, one of them being a purely stylistic concession to mineralogists. We note also that 'a Basic textbook on astronomy is now in the press, and two further applications to special fields—Basic for geology and Basic for psychology—have reached the final preparatory stage.'

TO SHOW that Basic English is far from being an ordinary fad, like Esperanto, Dr. Ogden, in an earlier article reviewed some of its gains in other than English-speaking countries:—

Japan conducted initial experiments at the Imperial Naval College in 1929–30, and in 1932 definite plans were laid to adapt Basic to Japanese needs, under the direction of Professor Y. Okakura, of St. Paul's University, Tokyo. In China the *Educational Review* (Shanghai) favors the rapid development of Basic for Chinese cultural and scientific work. The Soviet Union is very active in encouraging study of this language: Madame Litvinov, wife of the Commissar for Foreign Affairs, reports that a group of physicians was

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able to read Basic with ease after only eighteen lessons; her husband, Maxim Litvinov, is believed to have been the first to introduce the idea of Basic to President Roosevelt. In Denmark a class that had had 50 hours training in Basic gave a successful demonstration over the radio. Classes in Basic are reported in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Argentina; in Madrid, Saigon, and Singapore. At Geneva an International Secretariat plans to correlate world activities in Basic, and a recent survey of radio in 12 European countries has shown the ease with which international news could be transmitted in this super-language.

'CHEMURGY,' a new word coined by the American chemist, Dr. William J. Hale, signifies 'that science concerned in the intelligent working with and for chemicals.' 'Intelligent' in the sense that man's rapidly increasing command of the chemical—as contrasted with the purely mechanical—forces of nature is consciously directed to a more efficient satisfaction of human needs. In a suggestive little volume, *The Farm Chemurgic*, recently published by the Chemical Foundation, Dr. Hale outlines some of the possibilities—and very startling they are—that could result from more and better chemistry in agriculture. For example:—

Through the synthetic manufacture of certain dyes (alizarin, indigo, etc.) it has become possible to remove from cultivation thousands of acres of land previously required for the 'natural' product. Similarly, present chemi-biological knowledge in the field of food crops makes it entirely probable that 'to-day we can garner from 100,000,000 acres of land all the produce required in supplying the citizens of the United States with their requisites in food and raiment and afford an abundant carry-over to the next season.' This means that four out of five of those at present engaged in farming could be released for other occupations—and Dr. Hale believes that, in five or six years of intensive 'chemurgic' land development, 50,000,000 acres of land would be sufficient, out of a maximum physical possibility of 973,000,000 acres.

American consumption of woodpulp (for newsprint, etc.) comes to about 6,000,000 tons a year, 33 per cent of which is imported from other countries. Yet, by exploiting the recently discovered woodpulp possibilities of young Southern slash pine, to be grown on 25,000,000 acres of abandoned farmland, our independence in this essential commodity may be virtually assured—to say nothing of the alpha-cellulose upon which depends the entire artificial silk industry.

DR. HALE'S PLEA for a chemically rationalized agriculture is being at least partially answered by the development in England of what is known as the Spangenberg Method of crop control. According to the brief newspaper account at hand, this method, the outcome of 17 years of experimentation, consists in 'sowing' the crops in metal trays filled with artificially produced soil nutrient. These trays, arranged in cabinets of various sizes, 'grow' their contents into a mature crop in the short time of ten days, the result with the fodder crops so far attempted being little short of revolutionary. The report continues:—

'With the growing of crops for feeding animals successfully achieved, investigators are now experimenting further with growing vegetables. This process is still in the experimental stage, but the men working on it have in mind the ultimate production of smaller cabinets that could be kept in homes—in the kitchen, like an icebox—to supply the family with fresh, green products all the year round. The growing of fresh vegetables is expected to require somewhat more time than fodder crops.'

The inventor of this astonishing process, worthy of H. G. Wells at his best, is a German scientist from Lübeck, Dr. Paul

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Spangenberg. Significantly enough, the German Government is stated to have ordered a large number of these 'Kwick-Grow' cabinets to be used principally in its concentration camps—an ideal solution to an increasingly serious agricultural crisis, especially for so 'chemically minded' a people as the Germans. A director of the company (British Cultivations, Ltd.) is expected to visit the United States shortly, where he will give a number of demonstrations of the process. A question that should—and will be—asked is, 'What are the chemicals required for this method, and may they be obtained cheaply and in sufficient quantities to justify its wide adoption?' Also, can the necessary seeds be obtained in this way?

FURTHER FACTS on what Walter N. Polakov has called 'the power age' were presented in a recent lecture on 'Chemistry in the Service of Science,' given by Dr. A. T. Lincoln before the Minnesota Academy of Science. Thus, in regard to agriculture, it is pointed out that, during the eleven years from 1921 to 1931 horses used on American farms (and for miscellaneous transport work) decreased from 21 to 13 million. This elimination of 8 million horses 'reduced the consumption of farm food products equivalent to the food consumption of 40,000,000 people.' Another peculiar result of this transfer from biological to mechanical horsepower, principally in the form of some 27,000,000 automobiles, is that 'the American people, instead of walking and using their own energy, consumed 15 per cent less meat per capita in the same period [1921–31], with the result that the number of cattle decreased in the United States from 40 million head to 30 million head in 1931. These 10 million cattle, which have been lost, annually would consume as much food as 50 million people.'

A decline of about 17 per cent in the demand for farm products was one consequence of the development of automotive power, the increasing use of which also meant that 'approximately 20 per cent of all farms in America are no longer needed.' From the economic point of view this rapid tempo of mechanical (and chemical) 'progress' has caused the value of the American farm to decline from an index of 156 in 1921 to 116 in 1929 and to a probable low of 70 in 1932—this according to Department of Agriculture figures.

In 1790—quoting William Haynes—Dr. Lincoln gives the power consumption of 4,000,000 Americans at about 70,000 horsepower, distributed through 3,500 mills. By 1870 a population of 38,000,000 was consuming a total of 7,000,000 horsepower, an absolute increase of 100-fold, and a per capita increase of 10-fold. Since 1870, however, the rate of increase has diminished to about 5.6 times, reaching a peak in 1909. In the period from 1914 to 1927 the use of power in the American chemical industry increased from 992,703 to 1,840,049 horsepower, 'or nearly double the gain of the national all-industry average.'

Dr. Lincoln thus concludes his significant account of the 'chemical revolution,' as printed in a recent issue of *Science:*—

'As gunpowder disrupted the seemingly impregnable alliance of kings, barons, and bishops that sustained the feudal system; as the machine inaugurated the industrial revolution that opened up such vast resources for production, so chemistry is moving the foundation of our present system . . . The chemical revolution will make possible greater and broader consumption, which will "enable us to transcend splendidly the progress of the past century."'

Unfortunately, such optimism on the part of our scientists is unaccompanied by a similar vision, courage, and social capacity on the part of those for whom the word 'power' remains a purely political concept divorced from a consideration of basic human needs.

—HAROLD WARD

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AS OTHERS SEE US

One Year of Russian-American Relations

WRITING on the first anniversary of the establishment of diplomatic relations between the Soviet Union and the United States, Nikolaus Basseches, Moscow correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse* since 1920, emphasizes the important part that individuals rather than masses have played in bringing the two largest self-governing areas on earth into closer contact:—

American diplomacy entered Moscow with all the pomp appropriate to its power. In selecting Bullitt as ambassador Washington chose wisely, for Lenin knew him personally, and he is the only diplomat whom Stalin has repeatedly received. American diplomats are well aware that a high wall separates their world from the life around them in Russia, and they have lost no time in scaling it. For a decade and a half the entire Soviet Union has been educated on a strange kind of 'Americanism' in expectation of the time when close relations would be established with America. Before Roosevelt entered the White House, Moscow knew that he had made up his mind to recognize the Soviet Union, and, when he delayed granting recognition, people interested in foreign affairs discussed his reasons at length.

The Japanese war danger was threatening, and the question arose as to whether the United States would remain neutral in the event of Soviet-Japanese hostilities or whether it would participate on the side of the Soviets. And a good many people expressed the opinion that the United States could have no objections whatever to a Russo-Japanese war since it would weaken both countries and yield many advantages to a third party. Then, when recognition finally did come, it was not described as what it really was—the decision of a small group of leading figures in Washington—but was attributed to the pressure of the American working masses, to the economic crisis, and to America's need for foreign markets. And it seems that resumption of relations was not only described in this way but that this description was really believed.

Actually, American foreign policy is based on the sensible assumption that there is not going to be a war between Japan and Russia. For one thing, there is hardly a person in the United States who does not feel the deepest hostility to war. Moreover, there is not a single important politician who is not convinced that the United States would be forced to abandon its neutrality in the event of a Russian-Japanese war or of any great war. Above all, the Americans would not desire either a Russian or a Japanese victory. But the leading figures in Washington know very well that their aim—the absolute avoidance of war—demands an active foreign policy.

Contrary to general belief, American public opinion is not particularly well disposed toward the Soviets. This is due to the fact that, even if American exports to the Soviet Union reached the maximum, the total amount would be of relatively slight importance. It is quite clear to-day that two reasons decided the Americans to recognize the Soviet Union—one a political reason, the other a purely personal matter. The political reason was desire to prevent a Russian-Japanese war; the personal reason reflected the private views of President Roosevelt and his intimates. President Roosevelt himself takes a sympathetic attitude toward Russian developments, and it is worth remembering that President Wilson was the only head of any Government to send a warm and

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cordial telegram of greeting to the first and second congresses of the young Soviet State.

These political and personal factors in American recognition caused Washington also to consider Russia's desire for credits. Like the question of the old debts, it seemed at first that future credits would also be settled during Litvinov's conversations in Washington. But, when it came to concrete negotiations, it appeared that the Soviets wanted financial credits, not credits in the form of goods. They took this stand on the ground that experience had shown that goods purchased on credit came much higher than goods purchased in exchange for cash.

The attitude of the United States, however, toward extending financial credits is familiar. The Johnson Act forbidding the extension of financial credit to those countries that have not settled their outstanding debts to the United States applied to the Soviet Union. Nevertheless, Russian-American trade might have gone forward on a basis of credit in goods, but the Soviet request for financial credits led to temporary failure. This made bad blood in America because the Soviets discontinued all trade with the United States. It was not that the American economic system suffered any great loss, it was the moral fact that Russia had resorted to measures that smacked of reprisal. To-day, however, the feeling is improved, and again there is talk of big shipments of American goods to Russia.

One of the most important results of Washington's recognition is the improvement of Anglo-Russian relations. The activity of American diplomacy wrought this effect on London. The Soviet Union and Manchukuo settled the sale of the Chinese Eastern Railway as a result of English diplomacy, which, influenced by America, brought pressure to bear on Japan. Until 1908 and 1909, until the Russian-American conflict on the Jewish question, the traditional friendship between the two countries prevailed. The Russian navy aided the northern states during the Civil War, and the sale of Alaska showed that Russia was the one Great Power sympathetic to the Monroe Doctrine. To-day the United States and Russia have no points of friction and no common interests, either. But it is beyond doubt that for a long time to come the relation between the two Unions will carry greater and greater weight in spite of their remoteness from each other. It will be the practical policy of Moscow to establish contacts in the light of existing realities and to avoid any unpleasantness that might impede the progress of Russian-American collaboration.

Lord Lothian Looks Us Over

LORD LOTHIAN who, as Philip Kerr, became one of the most influential journalists in England and Lloyd George's wartime secretary, visited the United States just before the November elections and wrote a long article for the London *Observer* describing what had happened. He traces the difficulties of the country back to 1914 when the frontier vanished and the United States refused to take advantage of its new position in the world:—

Logically, it ought to have thrown itself into world trade both as manufacturer and lender, as Britain had done a century before, and Germany afterward. For a time it looked as if the War were going to give the United States a new rôle in world affairs, in politics, in trade, in finance, but the Republican machine, the national tradition, and Wilson's illness were too strong. They swept the United States back into the old rut. She threw away the chance of helping Europe to sanity; ignored her own new status of an equipped creditor nation; demanded payment of her debts while heightening her tariffs; disguised realities from herself by reckless

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foreign lending; and used her gains to promote the greatest speculative mania ever known in history.

The inevitable economic collapse, when it came, was far more sudden and more catastrophic than that of any nation save Germany during the Ruhr inflation. For a time the country was dazed. President Hoover applied the specifics appropriate to a normal depression. They were ineffective. Meanwhile, other ideas began to make headway. They were evolved, partly by the old progressives, partly by the organizations of the farmers, the victims of the Republican policy, which for twelve years had forced them to sell their products at depressed world prices while buying what they needed in a high-priced protected market.

President Roosevelt's New Deal embodies these ideas, and Lord Lothian prophesies that they will triumph:—

People often ask me whether the United States is going to recover. I have not the slightest doubt about it. In the first place, President Roosevelt—like the National Government in its early days here—has saved democracy by proving that in the economic crisis, as in the late War, it can throw up a government that can master events with at least as much vigor as any dictatorship. In the second place, the United States has not yet seriously touched her reserves. Though she has borrowed about $10,000,000,000 to cover emergency deficits since January, 1931, and is still spending fast, her federal debt to-day is less than $30,000,000,000 with a further $15,000,000,000 of state debts. It is a total only equal to our own National Debt, though the United States has three times our population, in 1929 was five times as rich, and has the largest gold reserve in the world.

In the third place the American people at bottom is full of shrewd sense. It likes its fling. It is unafraid. It knows its own gigantic resources. But ultimately it is going to judge by results. When the President tells them that there must be a halt, or, if he fails, a chastened and liberalized Republican Party produces convincing proof that the United States is voting itself on the rocks, it will give as short shrift to the political gangsters and cranks as it has now given to the 'old guard.' Its resentment at the catastrophe of 1929 is already wearing off, 'ballyhoo and alibi' are losing their appeal, and the public discussion of economic problems is far more serious and understanding than it was a year ago. For perhaps the most permanent change in America is that politics have come into their own. The professor has come to Washington. Youth is as interested in public questions in America as youth is here.

But, when all is said and done, the most interesting aspect of the gigantic tumult of controversy and experiment that is now raging up and down the land is this: is the United States, in her own experimental way, finding the middle way between laissez-faire and socialism, between the 'rugged individualism' of pioneer capitalism and the nationalization of all industry under socialism; between letting the price system and competition be the sole force that moves capital and labor to the places where they make the things and render the services for which there is already a demand and the universally planned Communist state?

'It's Up to the Women'

DR. H. S. SIMON, German Consul General in Chicago, has taken these favorite words of Mrs. Roosevelt's as his text for an essay in the *Berliner Tageblatt* on American women. Here are his conclusions:—

The American woman completely dominates her home surroundings. She presides at the head of the table. She conducts the conversation and feels herself

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responsible for it. To contradict her is considered tactless. If a woman rises, all the men near her stand. Flirtation comes from her side, not from the man. She talks about art, literature, the latest lecture, the latest symphony concert, not very profoundly but with a sense of having performed her social and cultural duty. Her cultural superiority seems to oppress the American male. He takes refuge in his club or goes fishing or hunting in the country.

If these observations fit the upper ten thousand and the well-to-do middle class in a general way, it may also be said that even the American women of the lower middle class and working class dress tastefully and carry themselves well. It is a constant source of surprise how many pretty, tastefully dressed and, above all, well-educated women you see as secretaries, shop girls, and even as working girls. Almost all of them take pride in their sex, which occupies such an important position in the land. Woe to the man who ventures to speak to such a girl, either by day or night. For a woman to accost a man on the street is virtually unheard-of.

Work is not considered demeaning. The whole world now does honor to labor, and this is especially true of the American working woman. In 1900 21 per cent of all the girls and women over sixteen years old were working for wages, and in 1930 the proportion rose to 25 per cent. Here is one example among many. The daughter of a leading scholar has become a mannequin in a big clothing store because she possesses such a charming figure. She married a professor but continues her modeling. I also know a lady in the front ranks of society who is a buyer for a big store and remained at her job until her baby came. There is no novelty over here in the fact that daughters of the best families become secretaries, salesgirls, doctors' assistants, and nurses.

To the American woman the home is quite different from what it is to the German. An official government publication on the population question has described the home as merely a parking place for the members of the family, whose lives are almost exclusively confined to outside activity. The birth rate is declining.

Since October, 1929, the economic collapse has, of course, altered this picture tremendously. Innumerable rich families have vanished from society, or the brave husband has assured his wife and children the enjoyment of his life insurance policy by considerately leaping out a twenty-story window. The hard struggle for life can be seen on all sides. Nevertheless, woman's dress remains her great source of pride and will remain so, for she will keep it up to a high level as long as possible. Women have reverted to the simple life without complaint, for people do not take life so seriously over here, or, if they do, they do not show it. Since most property has accumulated in the course of a single generation, its loss does not come down so hard as is the case in Europe with all its traditions. First, the chauffeur vanished; then the first, and then the second family automobile. Now the wife rides in the street cars again. She has dismissed all her servants, does her own cooking with the aid of mechanical contrivances, and has only one girl to help her when she has guests. Club dues have been cut, yet club membership declines. Social obligations are paid off as simply as possible with an afternoon tea or cocktail party. Nevertheless, there are plenty of people with tons of money. But even the richest of them have reduced their style of living, partly out of a sense of social obligation and partly because huge sums of capital have become frozen and yield no interest.

The woman helps the man in his desperate struggle for existence. The cry of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt in her warm-hearted book, *It's Up to the Women*, was almost superfluous.

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

minds in the country. Havelock Ellis's little piece was written in reply to a questionnaire that the *Labour Monthly* sent to a great many prominent individuals, and it lays to rest the theory that the fighting instinct in man makes war inevitable. J. B. S. Haldane's masterly discussion, 'Defense against War,' was prepared to be delivered over the government-controlled radio and then was suppressed. H. G. Wells, who had been invited to speak in the same symposium, withdrew by way of protest, and the Laborite *Daily Herald* printed the speech that the British Broadcasting Corporation considered too hot for the air waves.

THE portions of a Berlin student's diary, translated from the *Neue Tage-Buch*, give a moving account of how the younger academic generation fares under Hitler. Of course, it comes from an émigré publication, but it was the same source, and not the Nazi press, that prophesied the purge of June 30.

THE Paris publishing house of Denoël et Steele, who brought out Céline's *Voyage au bout de la nuit*, have launched a new illustrated quarterly, *Document*, each issue of which is entirely devoted to a single subject reported at great length by a single individual. Their first number dealt with the Soviet Union, and we have translated its closing section—apart, that is, from a final brief summary. On the strength of a journey the length and breadth of the land, M. Percheron concludes that Russia for centuries to come will be primarily an Asiatic power and probably the primary power in Asia. He draws special attention to the strategic importance of the Mongolian empty spaces.

OUR two short stories are as completely different as the countries from which they come. 'The Big Line Boys,' a savage satire of the well-fed British business man, reproduces photographically a social system in the most advanced stages of decay. 'African Fantasy,' on the other hand, shows the Russians turning from their absorbing task of building socialism in one country and allowing their imaginations to run as wild as the African jungle. The author died on the threshold of a promising career, and his work shows that he had no hesitation in borrowing the technique of the most advanced—not to say decadent—expressionists.

PAUL ALLARD'S highly flattering account of Premier Pierre-Etienne Flandin makes him out as the nearest thing to an equivalent of Franklin Roosevelt that France is likely to produce. The article does not, however, mention the point we have seen raised elsewhere in the foreign press—that M. Flandin is the political henchman of the Théodore Laurent group in the Comité des Forges, whereas M. Tardieu is the representative of the rival and more powerful de Wendels. M. Laurent, incidentally, is particularly interested in the coal mines of the Saar, whereas the de Wendel group is more interested in such finished products as cannon and shells.

THE dramatic muse took precedence over the muse of literature when Robert Littell had to postpone his first contribution to THE LIVING AGE. He has been so busy working with Sidney Howard over their new play, *Gather Ye Rosebuds*, that he has not yet had time to do full justice to the task that awaits him here. We expect, however, that he will make his bow next month in our department of 'Letters and the Arts.'

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